

LID GOES ON TIGHT IN STANFORD TOWN

CITY FATHERS ORDER EVERYTHING CLOSED ON SUNDAYS BUT DRUG STORES

The lid goes on tight in Stanford on Sundays.

This was the decree of the City Fathers at a meeting held Thursday night, when the City Marshal was directed to see that the state law on Sunday closing was rigidly enforced. The state law provides that only necessities of life can be sold on the Sabbath, and such things as ice cold soda pop, pies and cakes, chewing gum and the like don't go. The City Council will recognize only medicines as necessities and has so given instructions. The druggists and soft drink sellers and others who have felt compelled to keep open on Sunday because their competitors do, say that they are glad that this order has been entered and that all will be forced to close for it will give them and their employees a much needed rest on the Sabbath.

The vote in the Council was very close on the enforcement of the Sunday closing law and it required the vote of Mayor A. B. Florence to break the tie. The vote in the council stood: For—Councilmen Shucars, Anderson and Allen. Against—Councilmen Elmore, Powell and Peace.

M'KINNEY LADY STRUCK BY CAR

MRS. ACKERMAN KNOCKED INSENSIBLE AND HURT—OTH. LATEST NEWS

McKinney, July 7.

While making a running switch last Saturday morning the Q. & C. local car struck and seriously injured Mrs. Ackerman, by knocking her down and badly bruising her about the head and shoulders, and she was picked up in an insensible condition. The most serious wound was close to her right ear and caused quite a hemorrhage of the ear. At present writing she is doing very well and according to Dr. Singleton's statement, will, if nothing else sets in, be out in a few days. The lady is hard of hearing and was looking at the engine and did not see the car that struck her at all.

Miss Mae Jones has accepted a position as bookkeeper at Danville for the East Tennessee Telephone Co.

Miss Bessie Gray, of Dallas, Texas, and Mrs. Henry Nunnell and daughter, of Winchester, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Tanner.

Mrs. Dr. Singleton has been on the sick list all last week but at present is much better and able to be around the house most of the time.

Mrs. Collins and son and daughter, of Memphis, Tenn., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sam Owens.

Mr. Garland Singleton, of Stanford, was in town last Monday.

Mr. Harry Jacobs, the monument man, closed a contract a few days ago with D. S. Riffe for an elaborately carved granite monument for his daughter, Amelia, to be placed in the Hustonville cemetery, and also with Mrs. George Cochran, of Kidd's Store, for a large marble arch monument for her husband to be placed in the Poplar Grove cemetery.

Mrs. George Ashlock and children, of Hustonville, were in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Coffey and Arthur and Willie Coffey, and Mrs. Harry Jacobs and daughter, Mrs. Cocking and several other of our citizens spent the Fourth of July at Elkhart Springs and all report a good time.

Nora E. Johnson, of King's Mountain, is visiting Mrs. Norman True. Mr. Arthur Davidson is able to be out again after a severe spell of sickness.

Mr. Elmer Gooch, of Indianapolis, Ind., and H. C. Gooch, of Somerset, are visiting their sisters, Miss Alice Belle and Anna Gooch.

Mr. Herman Gans was in Somerset this week.

Miss Mary D. Hamilton, of Danville, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. B. Coleman was called to Somerset, Wednesday on account of the illness of her niece.

Mr. Everett Epperson, of Litchfield, Ill., representing the Belknap Hardware Company, spent a few days with his parents here last week.

Miss Florence Epperson has returned from an extended visit to friends and relatives at Columbia and Lebanon, attending the Chautauqua at the latter place.

Prominent Man Dead At Junction City

Junction City, July 8.

A. J. Haggard, aged 32 years, who was operated on for lung trouble on Wednesday, died at his home here that same afternoon about 4 o'clock. He was a Modern Woodman and had \$1,000 insurance in the order. He is survived by his wife and five little girls, the oldest eight years of age. The burial took place at Junction City at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon.

Messrs Harvey Hopkins and Ernest Ford, two of the Moreland high school pupils of Prof. E. L. Grubbs, took the examination for graduation in May, two months after school and both secured diplomas entitling them to a four years' high school course either at Stanford or Hustonville.

Prof. E. L. Grubbs, who taught as principal of the Moreland high school last year, was re-elected as principal for next year at an increased salary. Miss Fannie Spears, an experienced teacher of Moreland, will have charge of the primary department.

Mr. Wm. Burke, Jr., of Cincinnati, is among old school mates here. His father's family live at Prestonsburg.

Misses Ruth Turner, of McKinney, and Patty Dell Burke, of Bryantsville, are the guests of Mrs. S. W. Burke.

Prof. Thos. A. Hendricks, wife and two children, Thos. A. Jr., and Katherine, of Cynthia, are the guests of Squire and Mrs. Cox.

Mr. Elias Le Fever got the contract to build the wholesale (branch) house for the Cumberland Grocery Company, of Burnside. He will build it just in the rear of John Moore's photo gallery.

Mrs. Nannie Harper received word that her son, M. A. Harper, of Salisbury, N. C., has gone to Colorado following an operation for appendicitis. He is doing well.

Mr. Ellis McGraw has resigned as bill clerk at the Shely & Sweeney wholesale grocery and Henry Adkins has accepted the place.

Miss Louise Green, of Perryville, was the guest last week of Mrs. Bailey.

Mr. G. D. McCollum is having his popular hotel painted after its baptism from the fires on as many different sides the past few years.

Miss Kate Vanarsdall of Little Rock, Ark., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lou Owens, who is very ill of consumption.

Mrs. Willie Townley (nee Vanarsdall) and husband, of Birmingham, Ala., are here with relatives.

Misses Maggie and Elizabeth Cox spent the Fourth at Maywood, the guests of Misses Grace and Winnie Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Riffe, of Hustonville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Routon.

Mrs. J. L. Rose, who was buried in Hustonville last week, was once assistant state deputy for the Ladies of the Maccabees, and she carried \$2,000 insurance with them. She was of an exceedingly lovely disposition and everybody loved "Kate".

Mr. G. D. McCollum has installed a \$200 National cash register in his restaurant.

Mr. Estes, of Lancaster, is the guest of his cousin, Bowen Adams, this week.

Mrs. Bettie Simpson is very ill at her home in Shelby City.

Hattie Leigh is confined to her room on account of a sprained ankle.

A number of the young folks at this place will attend the picnic at Jones Park near Middleburg, Saturday, 9th. Given Carter, of Moreland, was calling here Sunday.

Miss Anna Matix is the guest of Miss Mammie Walls here.

Miss Ruth Keane has returned from Terre Haute, Ind., where she has been in school the past year.

Mr. Depp, of Hustonville, was a visitor to the home Mr. C. L. Pruitt on Sunday. Mr. Pruitt has been employed Moreland the past week.

Messrs. Thomas, Bud and Nick Haggard, of King's Mountain, were with their brother, A. J. Haggard, before his operation and at his death.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Kelley, of Camp Nelson, spent the Fourth with relatives and attended our meeting.

Mr. J. M. Keane and children, John M. Jr., and Lilla (Bobs) spent the past week in Burgin with her two sisters, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Hawkins.

Mrs. W. G. Sweeney and granddaughter, Miss Gladys Sweeney spent a few days in Louisville this week.

PREACHING AT HUBBLE

Rev. Samuel Pittman will preach at the Hubble Christian church Sunday the 10th at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Everybody invited.

GOING INTO THE GROCERY BUSINESS

E. C. WALTON BUYS A BUSINESS IN ATLANTA—INTERESTING GEORGIA GOSSIP

Atlanta, Ga., July 6.

We were all very much put out last week because the Interior Journal of Tuesday did not reach us until Saturday afternoon. The label was not clearly printed and the postal clerks took some time to decipher it. Please ask "Corker" Stone to use a little more ink and impression on the mail list and all will be well.

I am glad to tell you readers—all of whom I claim as my friends—that I am about to engage in business. I have rented a storeroom at 110 Richardson street and in a few days hope to be selling groceries "to beat the band." My brother, Mr. T. R. Walton, who has had many years' experience in the grocery business, will assist me until I get well started. I will begin on a small scale and try to increase as I learn the work. I will not be prepared to fill orders for my Stanford friends and acquaintances for some weeks yet, so don't mail or wire your orders before Aug. 1st.

I think I stated in a letter several years ago from Atlanta that the school facilities for negroes were far ahead of those for white children, but I am more convinced of the advantages of the children of the sons of Ham in the educational line since I have seen more of the city. Magnificent brick buildings, erected with northern money, are seen on nearly every promontory surrounding the city. Fortunately the negroes are taking advantage of the splendid opportunities afforded and many of them are credits to their race. The white schools here are first class and a sheepskin from the high school is a valuable possession. By the way, the first female college ever instituted in the United States is the Wesleyan at Macon, this state. It is still a splendid institution of learning and is to Georgia what the University of Virginia is to the mother state.

Georgia has been spending a million dollars annually caring for her old Confederate soldiers, but hereafter the amount will be augmented by the sum of \$200,000, the legislature having just passed a bill increasing the appropriation that much. There is a magnificent home for the old Confederates near this city where 116 of the salt of the earth are spending their declining years in peace and plenty.

The evil door sees a hard time in the Cracker state. To his work is due to a great extent the splendid roads that this state has. The convict is not allowed to live in ease in prison or penitentiary but works the roads every month in the year that the weather will permit. Each county is given enough convicts to keep its roads in good condition and in many of the cities they work the streets. A convict here grew tired of the daily toil and deliberately chopped one of his hands off. He was sent to the penitentiary hospital for a brief period but just as soon as he was able to get out he was made water carrier. Verily, the life of a Georgia convict is one that none envies.

A magnificent monument has recently been unveiled of that splendid Georgian, President Spencer, who was killed in a wreck on the road he was chief executive of—the Southern. It stands in front of the terminal station and is indeed an ornament to the city. It was built by the employees of the road, some 30,000 in number. The pedestal bears this inscription: "A Georgian, a Confederate soldier, and the first President of the Southern Railway. Erected by the Employees of that company."

There is an officer here who is very close to the hearts of the better element of the people. He is Police Judge Nash R. Broyles. He is known as the "poison judge" because he makes it not for those who disregard the law. Especially are the temperance people grateful to him for no other but dozen men have done as much toward making the prohibition law a success. The manner in which he dispenses justice reminds me very much of my old friend, Judge Tribble. There are many who think Judge Broyles is gubernatorial timber and it would not surprise many of his friends if he does soon occupy the chief executive's chair. It would afford me great pleasure to vote for him for governor. (Continued in next issue.)

K. OF P. LODGE AT CRAB ORCHARD

LOCAL TEAM DOES WORK AND MOST ENJOYABLE SESSION IS HELD

Crab Orchard, July 8.

Blossom Lodge, No. 223, Knights of Pythias, was instituted here Thursday night by a degree team from Diadem lodge, of Stanford and a most enjoyable session was had. Officers for the new lodge were elected as follows:

W. J. Edmiston, C. C., M. M. Perkins, V. C., T. B. Lyne, K. of R. & S., J. C. Bailey, M. of E., H. L. Wells, Prelate, I. W. Fish, M. at A., H. R. Spittler, M. of W., J. S. Duke, I. G. Gus Geiszi, O. G., Past Chancellors Dr. W. W. Burgin, D. B. Thompson, J. C. Bailey and W. C. Pettus.

Dr. H. L. McLean, from Wilmore, was present with a strong team, he having been appointed to institute the lodge. Refreshments were served after the midnight hour at which the ladies were present, this feature being a most pleasant one.

The list of members besides the officers of the lodge is: Marshall Newland, Dr. J. A. Harman, J. G. Carpenter, Jr., Walter Rogers, Robt. Holmes, and R. G. Pettus.

The following were present from Stanford: W. H. Wearin, J. F. Cummins, J. W. Ireland, Dr. M. M. Phillips, W. L. McCarty, C. E. Tate, Robt. Bruce, T. W. Pennington, J. F. Engleman, M. A. Johnson, Robert Burdette, George Burdette, J. N. Menefee, R. H. Coffey, James Woods, H. C. Wray, B. W. Givens, J. T. Embry, Jno. Meeks, J. L. Beazley, Claude Bibb, J. T. Singman, Granville Lutes, T. J. Hill, Jr., Sam Castello, Walter Milburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Guest, of Louisville, are visiting his parents, Col. and Mrs. J. W. Guest.

Mr. Burnie Fish, of California, and Miss Stella Fish, of Vincennes, Ind., son and granddaughter of Mrs. Martha Fish, are her guests and will visit other relatives during their stay in Crab Orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Durham and son Charles, of Chicago, are visitors of Mr. T. J. Durham and family. From here they go to Nashville to visit other relatives before returning home. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Mircle, of Liberty, are also guests of the Durham family.

Mrs. W. T. B. White has gone to Mt. Vernon for treatment.

Mr. E. L. Gooch and family visited Mr. G. W. Spangler and family.

Mrs. Bessie Browning and children, of Livingston, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Kate Magee.

Mrs. Sarah Brooks is visiting in Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Jerdie Higgins and children and Mrs. Lute King, of Somerset, are visitors of Miss Mollie Brooks.

Miss Lena Napier is visiting in London.

Miss Mary Arnold, of Lancaster, is visiting Miss Mollie Brooks.

The Sunday school at Hebron church will observe Children's Day next Sunday.

Rev. R. C. Kimball and wife of Monticello, are guests at the King Hotel. Born, on Sunday July 3 to Mr. and Mrs. William Marks, a boy. The little fellow weighed 11 pounds.

Miss Addie Scott has as her guests Misses Mary Logan Anderson and Mary Dyehouse, Messrs. Geo. Southers and Harry Scott. They formed a party at Dripping Springs last Sunday.

The post office is having its spring cleaning. It has been remodeled and is being given a fresh coat of paint which makes it very inviting in appearance.

Miss Marguerite Culton and Dr. Harry R. Spittler were married at the home of the bride's grandfather, Mr. H. P. Gilbert, of Richmond, at half past three o'clock Wednesday afternoon, July 6th. The parlor were beautifully decorated in pot plants and cut flowers, the color scheme pink and green being carried out most effectively.

After the ceremony a luncheon was served at the Glyndon Hotel. Rev. Don Choo, pastor of the Crab Orchard Christian church officiated. We extend our hearty good wishes to Miss Marguerite and hope that much of sun shine and little of shadow may follow her along her new life which she has begun so young in years. Dr. Spittler has been a citizen of our town only a short time, having come from Battle Creek, Mich., to be managing physician of the Crab Orchard Sanitarium where they will make their home after the 20th. His courteous and manly deportment since he came here, has won him many friends and the admiration of all who have become acquainted with him. We congratulate him on winning the handsome Miss Marguerite for his wife, a young woman

possessed of many noble traits of character.

For rent, one furnished upper room; also a stable and corn cribs. Apply to Mrs. Hannah L. Steger.

For sale, several pieces of household furniture, including a piano and desk, suitable for an office; five or six leather beds also. Mrs. Steger.

Killing At Parksville

YOUNG MAN SHOTS AN OLD ONE THROUGH HEART

In front of Wilson's store in Parksville, Boyle county Tuesday morning, Walter Phillips, aged 27, instantly killed Thomas Vermillion by shooting him through the heart.

Phillips and others were standing on the store platform and when Vermillion passed, some one taunted the old man by calling him a nickname.

It is said that the old man became enraged and smacked Phillips with a cane, whereupon Phillips pulled a pistol and shot. The bullet entered the old man's heart and he died almost instantly.

Phillips says that another bystander spoke to the old man and not he, and that he did not know Vermillion except by sight.

Phillips, who is a Lincoln county young man from near Milledgeville, was to have his examining trial at Danville today. He is married and has a little child.

"City of Roses"

INTERESTINGLY DESCRIBED BY STANFORD GIRL

Miss Blanche Vandever, of this city, who is now in Portland, Oregon, the "City of Roses," in writing for her Interior Journal, which she says she can not do without, tells some interesting things of that bustling western city. She says:

Portland, June 27.

Editor Interior Journal:—

This is a wonderful country. The higness, the wild beauty, the gigantic projects no sooner conceived than executed, have for one a fascination not to be shaken off.

I often hear the strains of "My Old Kentucky Home." I stop (transported to Blue Grass fields and running brooks) to discover that the band is stationed beneath a large placard bearing the glaring words "Kentucky Whiskey." But it matters not what reputation we have abroad, we of the blood know that for men and women for hospitable homes and loving hearts Kentucky is the best place outside of heaven the good Lord ever made.

While you back east are sweltering, we in the Rose City are shivering in a mean temperature of 28 degrees. Old Sol shines benignly, yet we are never quite comfortable without fire.

Now, please let me know if you did not receive my letter and send me the paper for I dreamed last night of stepping over mountains, plains and rivers just to "scrap" with the I. J. management. Wishing you and your family success and genuine happiness in your old home, I am sincerely, BLANCHE VANDEVEER.

Attention everybody—Special rock-bottom prices on hardware, groceries, etc. Don't fail to take advantage of this. George D. Hopper.

Lost Articles

AT BAPTIST MEETING LEFT AT POSS OFFICE

A great many articles, such as a clothing, etc. were left in the Baptist church during the revival services which have just closed. Among the articles of wearing apparel found and which are at the postoffice for their owners are two red jackets, three umbrellas, one overcoat.

MAKING LIFE SAFER

Everywhere life is being made more safe through the work of Dr. King's New Life Pills in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, liver troubles, kidney diseases and bowel disorders. They're easy, but sure, and perfectly build up the health. 25c at

A WILD RAGING BLIZZARD brings danger, suffering—often death—to thousands, who take colds, coughs and la grippe—that terror of winter and spring. Its danger signals are "stuffed up" nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throat-grinding cough. When Grip attacks, as you value your life, don't delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me" writes A. L. Dunn, of Fine Valley, Miss., "after being 'laid up' three weeks with Grip." For sore lungs, hemorrhages, coughs, colds, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma it's supreme. 50c, \$1. Guaranteed by G. L. Peany.

CUTTING AFFRAY ON FOURTH OF JULY

JIM ROGERS SLASHED IN FACE BY EMIL BLISS IN FIGHT AT OTTENHEIM.

James Rogers of Crab Orchard, was badly cut on the face and neck during a fight which came up at a picnic at Ottenheim on Monday, the Fourth of July. He was slashed several times by Emil Bliss, a young German, son of a man with whom Rogers had just had an altercation. Bliss was arrested and placed under \$200 bond for trial.

It is not known just how the trouble between the men originated, but Rogers and the elder Bliss were at it hammer and tongs when Deputy Sheriff Bud Reynolds interfered and caught hold of Rogers to separate the men. Just as he did so, Rogers lunged out and kicked Bliss a terrific blow in the abdomen. At that moment the younger Bliss came to the defense of his father, and drawing his knife, he went after Rogers while the officer still had hold of him. He cut Rogers badly before he could be pulled off. It is said, however, that none of the injuries will prove serious.

Will Address Growers

ADVANTAGE OF POOLING TOBACCO CO WILL BE SHOWN

Bradley Wilson, district representative of the Burley Tobacco Society in this part of the state, has made arrangements to address the tobacco growers of Lincoln county on Monday, next, county court day. He will not ask any of the growers to sign the pledge at that time but will present a few facts for their consideration.

The time of the address has not yet been fixed but it will probably be about one o'clock, or at some other hour early in the afternoon.

Mr. Wilson has been through Madison, Garrard and other counties in this section south of the river and he has been successful in convincing a large number of leading tobacco men that their only hope for continued high and living prices for this crop is to stand together in the pool. There is practically no pooled tobacco in this county as yet.

In New Position

COL. WALTON GOES WITH BIG LEXINGTON BANK.

(Lexington Herald.)

Colonel William P. Walton, the well known newspaper man, tomorrow will take charge of the newly established stock and bond department of the Lexington Banking & Trust Company. Col. Walton, after the sale of the Kentucky State Journal to Mr. James L. Newman and former Governor J. C. W. Beckham, opened a brokerage office in Lexington and handled the better class of stocks and bonds for more than a year, and he had built up quite a good sized business.

The investors of Lexington know and have confidence in Col. Walton and in his business judgment and the Lexington Banking and Trust Company has made a wise move in arranging to obtain his services in the conduct of its new department.

PROMINENT MERCER MAN DEAD

W. O. Morgan, a leading business man and vice president of the Kentucky Republican Publishing Company, died at his home in Harrodsburg, Tuesday, the result of a paralytic stroke, which he sustained Sunday while attending the Christian church. Mr. Morgan was a native of Washington county and a prominent republican. He represented Washington county in the legislature during the administration of Gov. Bradley, and was a brother of Wilkes Morgan, of Anderson county. He had been in the mercantile business for several years. He is survived by his wife but no children.

SAVED AT DEATH'S DOOR

The door of death seemed ready to open for Murray W. Ayers, of Transit Bridge, N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful condition," he writes, "my skin was almost yellow; eyes sunken; tongue coated; emaciated from losing 40 pounds, growing weaker daily. Violent liver trouble pulling me down to death in spite of doctors. Then that matchless medicine—Electric Bitters—cured me. I regained the 40 pounds lost and now am well and strong." For all stomach, liver and kidney troubles they're supreme. 50c at Penny's Drug Store.

GO TO THE Lancaster Fair

JULY

27th

28th and

29th

1-9-1-0.

And See The Greatest
Horse And Mule Show
In Kentucky.

Largest Assortment Of Free
And Pay Attractions Ever
Shown. See Bongo!

Catalogues at This Office

Double Your Profits by Using an
INDIANA SILO.

Ask any man who uses one. 54 per cent. of the food value of corn is contained in the shucks, cob, leaves and stalk, 46 per cent in the grain, therefore corn hand in the field loses 51 per cent. total food value. SILO is 95 per cent.

Why continue to waste poor stock? When the reach of all and fully guarantee acres of corn and Also agent for the most cuts, Practical and loader.

R. E. GAINES AGENT

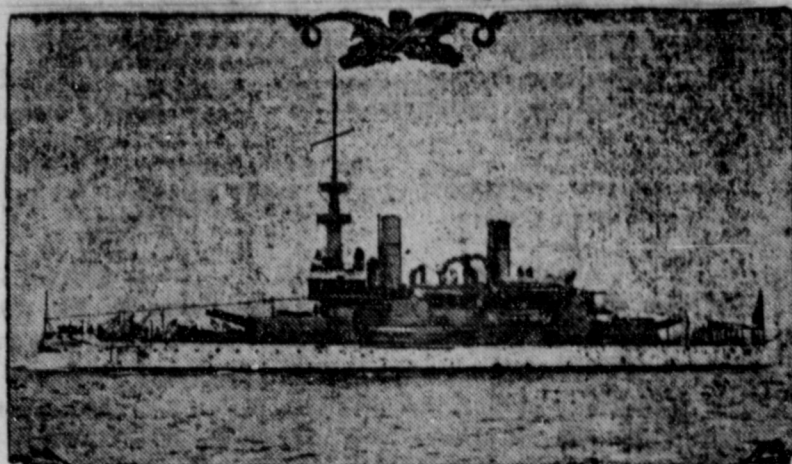
The Lincoln County National Bank
Of Stanford, Kentucky.

CAPITAL.....\$ 50,000.00
SURPLUS.....\$ 50,000.00
RESOURCES.....\$340,000.00

S. H. SHANKS, PRESIDENT; W. M. BRIGHT, CASHIER;
J. B. PAXTON, VICE-PRESIDENT; J. W. ROCHSTER, ASST. CASH;
H. C. CARPENTER, BOOKKEEPER;
HAYS FOSTER, CLERK.

DIRECTORS:
W. O. Walker, Stanford; S. H. Shanks, Stanford; Geo. W. Carter, Stanford;
John B. Foster, Stanford; W. H. Shanks, Stanford; T. C. Rankin, Lancaster; J. B. Paxton, Stanford; W. H. Traylor, Gilberts Creek; R. L. Hubble, Lancaster; W. H. Cummins, Preachersville; Lilburn Gooch, Gilberts Creek.

IS GOING OUT OF STYLE



Fashions change in warships as in everything else. The "Indiana," pictured above, was the latest thing in battleships during the Spanish-American war. Today she is almost passe. For comparison, models of the "Indiana" and the latest type of battleships will be shown at the Ohio Valley Exposition in Cincinnati from Aug. 29 to Sept. 24.

ROBERT R. REYNOLDS

Directs the Mammoth
Industrial Enterprise.



Robert R. Reynolds, President of the Ohio Valley Exposition, which will conduct the comprehensive Industrial Exposition to be held at Cincinnati from Aug. 29 to Sept. 24. The Exposition is especially designed to bring about closer commercial relations between the Ohio Valley and the South.

BIG HOBOKEN FIRE TO BE REPRODUCED

One of the Features of the Ohio
Valley Exposition.

Cincinnati, O. (Special.)—Arrangements have been perfected and work begun for the reproduction for exhibition purposes of one of the most famous fires in history—the burning of the big steamship docks and several ocean-going vessels at Hoboken, N. J., several years ago. It has long been an established fact that the vast general public would rather see a fire than witness any other kind of spectacle that might be offered them in the line of a catastrophe or calamity. This is evidenced at every ringing of the fire bells, which bring spectators from far and near to "see the machines run" and to witness the work of the firemen after the scene of the conflagration is reached. When the spectacle, "Fighting the Flames," was produced some years ago by Claude Hagen, the well-known purveyor of public amusements, it was thought that the acme of realism in shows of this kind had been reached. But it seems that there was room for even greater spectacular effort, and again it is Mr. Hagen who has discovered this. His plans for a "fire" show, entitled "Fighting Flames on Ship and Shore," have been accepted by the Ohio Valley Exposition, and under the direction of the inventor the work of installing this thrilling spectacle is now going on, the plans calling for its erection on the banks of the canal, and contracts making it imperative that all work shall be completed some weeks before the opening of the Exposition on Aug. 29, so that a perfect performance may be given when this big industrial enterprise is thrown open to the public. "Fighting Flames on Ship and Shore" will show how the fire on the Hoboken docks was combatted by the fire-fighters on land and by the fireboats of the New York department. There will be thrilling leaps from the masts of ships into the water, miraculous escapes, exciting scenes in which passengers and firemen will take part—in fact, as perfect a reproduction of that mammoth marine conflagration as can possibly be pictured. Several hundred people will be employed in the production, which will be given in a prominent location in the amusement section of the Exposition.

CHILDREN PROMINENT IN EXPOSITION PLANS

Exhibition of Playground Work
On Music Hall Stage.

Cincinnati, O. (Special.)—It is doubtful that in making plans for an industrial exposition children were ever so prominently recognized as in the case of the Ohio Valley Exposition, which will be held in this city from Aug. 29 to Sept. 24. Not only does the plan of amusements for the Exposition contemplate a number of attractions that will appeal as strongly to the younger generation as to adults, but in the arranging of the several Music Hall features programs have been adopted which will allow children to display their abilities along various lines. In the writing of the popular romantic opera "Paoletta," which will be given at Music Hall during the time of the Exposition, the composer, Pietro Florida, and the librettist, Paul Jones, arranged for the introduction of children, these to be recruited principally from the magnificent chorus of child voices that made the "Children's Crusade" during the recent May Festival so conspicuous a success. On the afternoons when no performances of the opera are being given, the stage of Music Hall will be turned over to the children, it being arranged that on two afternoons of each week there shall be an exhibition of programed playground work, such as is being conducted on the various playgrounds of the city by experts in this line of work; two afternoons to be devoted to callisthenic and athletic work by the boys' and the girls' classes of the leading Turner Society of the city; and one afternoon each week to a series of fairy plays in which only children, to the number of more than one hundred, will take part. The rehearsals for these various features are well under way, promising most complete and interesting performances in the various lines. In the way of amusements for children, outside of the Music Hall attractions, there will be a midget circus, in which all of the fifty performers are Lilliputians, and even the ponies and dogs are of the smallest size obtainable. Other attractions in the amusement section will appeal strongly to the younger element, so that the Exposition, as a whole, will offer as much entertainment and amusement to the seeker for pleasure as it will to him who is interested chiefly in industrial and commercial displays.

BLOODED WORKHORSES IN THE PRIZE PARADE

Cincinnati, O. (Special.)—Even at this early date the owners of classy work horses in the Ohio Valley are beginning to pay special attention to their stock with the view of having them properly groomed and dispositioned for the big parade of work horses, to be given under the auspices of the Ohio Humane Society, in connection with the Ohio Valley Exposition in Cincinnati next fall. For some years this society has been endeavoring to carry out a plan by which owners of horses who have treated their animals kindly, and drivers who, through their ability and gentleness, have remained in the employment of one firm for a long period, might be rewarded. The Ohio Valley Exposition offers them their opportunity, and a schedule of prizes is now being drawn up that will call for the distribution of about \$2,500 in money and medal premiums. In the matter of judging the horses the gentle and docile manners of the animals, showing proper treatment, will be taken into consideration, with hard working condition as another issue. The highest cash prize will be \$25, which will be given to the driver showing the longest continuous service with one owner or firm. There will be medal prizes for single, double, three, four, five and six-team spans of horses, for single and double mule spans and for ponies.

Dissolution Sale OF CRAWFORD BROTHERS' ST. LAMBERT JERSEY HERD

Consisting of 40 high bred registered cattle
and six high grade cows

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910

At Lebanon, Kentucky.

Beginning at one o'clock P. M. sharp.

Every Jersey owned by the Crawford Brothers will be sold. This includes the magnificent herd of pure St. Lamberts reserved from our sale last fall. Added to these will be a number of great dairy cows purchased last winter to retain our milk trade.

Also 1 nine-horse power Hagan portable gasoline engine and one portable Wilder Whirlwind ensilage and fodder cutter. For catalogue write

Crawford Bros., Lebanon, Ky

FOR SALE!

Good, dry oak lumber suitable for
barn boxing. Lumber piled at McKinney and Moreland, Ky., at which points we are closing our operations.

For prices and terms write or 'phone
Mr. W. T. Earles, Hustonville, Agent,
Duhlmeier Brothers, Cincinnati, O.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, STANFORD, KENTUCKY

ORGANIZED IN 1882.
CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.
SURPLUS EARNED, \$20,000.
HAS PAID IN DIVIDENDS, \$216,500
Combines Absolute Safety with Satisfactory Service. Modern Safety Deposit Boxes for Use of our Customers. We Solicit Your Account.

OFFICERS.

J. S. Hocker, President;
S. T. Harris, Vice-President;
John J. McRoberts, Cashier;
H. C. Baughman, Asst. Cash'r
W. W. Saunders, Bookkeeper

DIRECTORS.

F. Reid, J. H. Baughman,
M. D. Elmore, J. M. Pettus,
H. C. Baughman, J. F. Cummins,
S. T. Harris, Geo. C. Robinson,
E. C. Walton, J. S. Hocker,
W. H. Murphy

RURAL TELEPHONES.

MR. FARMER: Make your home as modern for your family as a ice, residence, and place yourself in a position to get the latest market quotations at any time. This can be accomplished by means of our telephone service which you and your neighbors can get for a sum that is small compared with the benefits received. Call or address our nearest office or write direct to headquarters, Nashville, Tenn., for information regarding our special "Farmers' Line" rate. If you are not at present enjoying telephone service, we can immediately interest you. Our lines cover the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and the Southern portion of Indiana and Illinois.
EAST TENNESSEE TEL. & TEL. CO.
(INCORPORATED)

Constipation Cure Free

With the first signs of constipation you resort to the home methods of relief, such as hot or cold water on arising, lots of stewed fruit with your breakfast, etc., but what do you do when these fail?
The majority then start on salts and purgative waters, then change to cathartic pills, etc. If you have gone through these various stages you know they were all useless, so far as permanent results go. Now you should try just once again, but try something practical and sensible, a remedy made and intended for the purpose you are trying to accomplish. Such a remedy, as thousands can testify, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is guaranteed to be permanent in its results. Its ingredients are such that by a brief use of it the stomach and bowel muscles are trained to again do their work normally, so that in the end you can do away with medicines of all kinds. That it will do this Mr. G. Y. Dodson of Sanville, Va., will gladly attest, and so will Mrs. S. A. Hampton of Portage, O. To those who are still skeptical there is a way to prove these assertions. There is a penny of expense: Simply send your name and address to Dr. Caldwell and obtain a free sample bottle. After using it, if you are then convinced it is the remedy you need, buy a fifty cent or one dollar bottle of your druggist and continue to use it for a brief time until cured. The directions are simple and the dose is small. It is pleasant to the taste, does not gripe and is promptly effective, and these statements are guaranteed or money will be refunded.
This remedy is over a quarter of a century old and is personally taken by more druggists than any other similar remedy on the American market. Because of its effectiveness, purity and pleasant taste it is the ideal laxative remedy for children, women and old folks generally. Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. Explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. For either request the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, R. 500 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

There's a Difference!

If your Walls are Artistically Decorated
the HOUSE becomes
a HOME and
**HENRY BOSCH
COMPANY'S**
Novel and Exquisite
Collection of
WALL PAPERS

Will work the change at an expense much more moderate than can be secured elsewhere.

A postal card will bring the Sample Books to your residence where examination can be made at your leisure without the slightest obligation to purchase.
**JAMES MUNDY, Painter
and Paperhanger, Stanford,**

AT COST!

COMMENCING JULY 9, AND ENDING AUGUST 1.

STRICTLY THIS SPRING'S STYLES.
THE HOUSE OF QUALITY.

SAM ROBINSON.

COME BEFORE WE GET CROWDED!
WE TREAT ALL FAIRLY.

Owing to the Cold and Wet Spring, we find ourselves over-stocked and have to sell these goods to make room for

FALL GOODS COMING IN.

Business is good now, but it is too late in the season. We have no room for our Fall Goods now, as our Spring Stock is heavy, so Don't Wait Until too Late. Come Early and Get Choice Goods!

THIS VERY LARGE STOCK

Consists of Clothing of Best Make, Oxfords, Underwear, Hats, Felt and Straw, Odd Pants, Shirts, Ties, Dry Goods. Such

ANY SUIT AT COST.

Prices Never Heard of Before!

Trunks and Suit Cases at Cost.

LAWNS.		Fancy Vests.		Felt Hats.		Boys' Knickerbockers.		Men's All Wool Suits—The Best Brand Made—Go At		Misses oxfords in pumps, Tan black, patent and suede.	
20c	Lawns	14c	\$4 00 Vests	3 19	\$4 00 Hats	3 29	\$1 50 Pants	1 19	\$27 00 Suits	\$18 98	\$2.50 Oxfords
15c	"	11c	3 50 Vests	2 78	3 50 "	2 98	1 25 "	98	25 00 "	16 98	2.00 "
10c	"	8c	3 00 Vests	2 19	3 00 "	2 28	1 00 "	79	22 50 "	15 98	1.50 "
Calicoes and other goods always on hand.			2 50 Vests	1 98	3 00 "	2 28	75 "	66	20 00 "	13 98	
Fancy Imported Hosiery.			2 00 Vests	1 58	2 50 "	1 98	50 "	39	18 00 "	11 98	
50c Hose and Sox			1 50 Vests	1 19	2 00 "	1 39			15 00 "	9 98	Men's Oxfords—Patent, Tan and Grey.
25c " " "			1 00 Vests	79	1 50 "	1 19	Men's Work Pants In Kaki, Herring-bone and Bird's Eye.		12 20 "	8 98	
15c " " "					1 00 "	79			10 00 "	6 98	
10c " " "									6 00 "	3 98	
We do not only give you 10 per cent. off, we put them at and below cost. Newest and most up-to-date goods you can find.			Caps.		Ladies' Gauze Vests.		\$3 50 Pants		Boys' Suits.		
Men's & Boys' Odd Dress Pants.			50c Caps	39	25 cts. Vests		19	3 00 "	2 28	\$7 50 Suits	\$5 48
\$7 00 Pants			25c Caps	19	15 " "		11	2 50 "	1 98	6 50 "	4 98
6 00 "			Neckwear.		10 " "		8	2 00 "	1 48	6 00 "	4 98
5 00 "			50c Necktie	99				1 50 "	98	5 00 "	3 98
4 00 "			25c Necktie	19	Suspenders.		1 00 "		79	4 00 "	2 98
3 50 "			Men's Belts.		50 ct. Pair		38	Straw Hats Of All Kinds.		3 50 "	2 48
3 00 "			\$1 00 Belts	79	25 ct. Pair		19	\$3 50 Hats		3 00 "	2 28
2 50 "			50c Belts	39	15 ct. Pair		11	3 00 "		2 50 "	2 28
2 00 "			25c Belts	19				2 50 "		2 00 "	1 98
We have all kinds of Dress Goods now going at Cost.			MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS		Men's Underwear—Union Suits.		2 00 "		1 48	2 00 "	1 48
					\$1 50 Union-suit		98	1 50 "		1 19	Soft Walkers' Shoes and Oxfords
					50c Underwear—Garment		39	1 00 "		79	60c shoes
					25c Underwear—Garment		19	50 "		39	50c oxfords
											47c
											39c

SAM ROBINSON, Stanford, Ky.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

Established 1872.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
At \$1 Per Year in Advance.

SHELTON SAUFLEY.....Publisher

Entered at the Post Office at Stan-
ford, Ky., as Second Class mail.

Our prediction is coming true. An
nouncement is made by the Advocate
that stating on next Monday Danville
will have a daily paper. The old town
is certainly getting a vigorous awak-
ening.

Kings Mountain.

Mr. Walter Cannon and family, of
Livingston came here Tuesday. Mr.
Cannon will be a co-worker in the
growing business of G. H. Cannon &
Co.

Mrs. James Alcorn visited her
daughter, Mrs. Huey Cannon, of Wil-
more this week.

Mr. Montgomery Durham, of Mc-
Kinney, visited Miss Ethel Lee Sun-
day.

Sebastin Chevillet entertained the
public Saturday night with an ice
cream supper which proved a very
pleasant event.

Miss Virgie Florence, of Somerset,
visited her parents last week.

Miss Clara Murphy has been ill but
is improving.

Miss Elizabeth Dye is spending a
fortnight with her sister, Mrs. Will
Flanagan at Lebanon Junction.

Miss Adella Courtney spent a few
days in our burg last week.

Mr. Elveda Floyd and wife are visit-
ing their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rainey
Floyd.

Mrs. Moreland Smith gave a birth-
day dinner Sunday in honor of her
little son, Lucian's 4th birthday.

C. D. Evans purchased a new up-
right piano recently for his charming
little daughter Marion.

Master Lyman Hatter has been very
ill with a dewpoisoned foot but is
better.

Dr. J. G. Carpenter delivered a very
instructive lecture on tuberculosis,
hookworm etc., Sunday evening at
Christian church.

BOWMAR'S SUMMER TOURS.

Write to Bowmar's Tours, Versailles
Ky., for folders giving details and
cost of Bowmar's ideal (personally
conducted) tours to Niagara Falls,
Toronto, Buffalo and Cleveland, with
fine lake steamer trips, Tuesday Aug.
2, and to Atlantic City, New York,
Philadelphia and Washington, Thurs-
day Aug. 11th. High-Class accom-
modations. Select parties.

How to Cure Eczema, Pimples And Dandruff.

We desire to say that when we took
the agency for Zemo, we were con-
vinced that it was a valuable remedy for
eczema, pimples and dandruff. Yet we
must frankly admit that Zemo has far
exceeded our expectations as a treat-
ment for skin diseases. We are pleased
to state that we shall continue the
agency, as Zemo has given splendid re-
sults wherever recommended. Our cus-
tomers like Zemo, too, because it is a
clean, vegetable liquid for external use.
Zemo effects its cures by drawing to
the surface of the skin and destroying
the germ life that causes the disease,
leaving the skin clear and healthy. It
does not soil the clothing or linen and
can be used freely on infants.

With every purchase we give a book-
let on skin diseases explaining in simple
words how any person can be cured at
home of any form of skin or scalp dis-
eases by this clean, scientific remedy.
G. L. Penny, Druggist.



IT'S GOOD TO REFLECT

well before going ahead with that
new plumbing work. Better yet it
will be for you to consult us as to
the kind of plumbing you require. We
can show you exactly the best means
of accomplishing your purpose at the
least possible expense. We cannot
advise you as to poor plumbing. We
are not risking people's health for a
few dollars.

W. K. WARNER,
Phone 188. Stanford, Ky.

SO DECEPTIVE

Many Stanford People Fail to Realize
the Seriousness

Backache is so deceptive.
It comes and goes—keeps you guess-
ing. Learn the cause—then cure it.
Nine times out of ten it comes
from the kidneys. That's why Doan's
Kidney Pills cure it. Cure every kid-
ney ill from backache to diabetes.

We present the following case in
proof:

Thomas Elkin, Danville street, Lan-
caster, Ky., says: "For a great many
years I was a sufferer from kidney
complaint and I had such severe pains
in the small of my back that I was
hardly able to get about. The many
remedies I used failed to help me until
upon the advice of a friend, I procur-
ed a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. In a
short time after beginning their use, I
improved and it was not long before
I was restored to perfect health. I
give Doan's Kidney Pills the entire
credit for the great change in my con-
dition and I recommend them as a re-
liable kidney remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50
cent. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.
Y., sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and
take no other.

Hustonville.

Special Clothing Sale—Made to or-
der suits \$25 and \$27.50 suits for
\$18.50; \$20 and \$22.50 suits for \$16.
Adams Brothers, Hustonville.

A WRETCHED MISTAKE.

to endure the itching, painful distress
of piles. There's no need to. Listen:
"I suffered much from piles," writes
Will A. Marsh, of Siler City, N. C.,
"till I got a box of Bucklen's Arnica
Salve and was soon cured." Burns,
boils, ulcers, fever sores, eczema, cuts
chapped hands, chilblains vanish be-
fore it. 25c at Penny's Drug Store.

Beware of Ointments for Ca... that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell
and completely derange the whole system when
entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such
articles should never be used except on prescrip-
tions from reputable physicians, as the damage they
will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly de-
rive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured
by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mer-
cury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon
the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Buy-
ing Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the
genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo,
Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



ARTISTIC

shades in our ready mixed colors.
For durability and uniform high
quality they are unequalled. Talk
all you like about "good" paints.
Then do a little actual painting
with a small sample from our stock
and watch results. You'll satisfy
yourself that you can buy no better
paint for the money anywhere. Let
our paint talk.

J. A. ALLEN, Stanford, Ky.

Spring & Summer Stock.

Have your measure taken by a tailor of ex-
perience. Then your clothes, whether a low
price business suit or the finest evening
clothes, will have that individuality and fit
which plainly indicate they were made to
your measure. I will also take your mea-
sure for extra trousers, fancy vests, top
coats and overcoats. Spring and summer
samples on hand ready for your inspection.
H. C. RUPLEY, The Tailor,
Stanford, Ky.

NOTICE

The white teachers' Institute will be
held at Stanford in the Graded School
building July 11-15. All teachers con-
templating teaching, either in the
Graded or common schools are required
by law to attend. Prof. J. W. Ire-
land, instructor. G. SINGLETON,
36-2 Supt.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS OF LINCOLN COUNTY NATION- AL BANK.

At a meeting of the directors of
this bank, at its banking house in
Stanford, Ky., on June 18, 1910, it was
resolved that a meeting of the share-
holders be called to meet on Tuesday,
July 26, 1910, at its banking office
in Stanford, Ky., to vote on the propo-
sition to amend the articles of associa-
tion of this bank as follows.

First—To increase capital to \$100,
000 and to authorize the directors to
set price of new stock. Second—To
increase the number of directors to
fifteen. W. M. Bright, Cashier.

AUTOMOBILES SUPPLIES AND ACCESSORIES.

AGENTS FOR

Flanders 20 \$750
E. M. F. 30 \$1250
Haynes \$2000
Baker Electric 2000 to \$4000
Studebaker Garford, \$4000 to
\$6000. If interested, Phone us
Bell 24, and we will gladly give you
demonstration.

Danville Ice & Coal Co. Danville, Ky.



WHERE WE RECOMMEND AN
ARTICLE IT IS BECAUSE OF THE QUALITY OF THE
CONTENTS OF THE CAN OR PACKAGE.
IF YOU WANT PRETTY PICTURES GO TO AN ART
DEALER.
IF YOU WANT THE BEST GROCERIES FOR YOUR TA-
BLE, COME HERE
TRY OUR NEW CAKE FOR YOUR TABLE.

W. H. HIGGINS,
Stanford, Kentucky.

Barn Lumber For Sale!

120,000 feet of Boxng. Sheeting
and Frame Lumber for Barn Pat-
terns, which I will sell for cash or
trade for Corn, Hay or good Horses
and Mules. Prices on this very rea-
sonable, for I want to sell. Write
me at once. Respectfully,
C. J. SPFFLE, London, Ky.



THOUGH YOU ESCAPE
WITH YOUR LIFE
what good is it, if a fire leaves you
penniless? You are not as young as
you used to be. Starting over again
to make a home will be a dishearten-
ing struggle. Let us insure you so
that such a possibility may be ren-
dered impossible. Think of your wife
as well as yourself. You should get
insured on her account anyway.

Fish & Pennington,

Stanford, Ky., Phone 200



YOU GET THE BEST
OF THE BARGAIN

when you buy our Baughman's Fancy
Patent No. 1 Flour at our price. Judg-
ing by comparison our flour is worth
more than we ask for it. Buy a sack
and we know you will agree with us.
Especially when you see how far our
Baughman's Fancy Patent No. 1 flour
goes and how much better are your
bread, cakes and pastry.

J. H. Baughman & Co.

A. W. CURD, AUCTIONEER,
Burgin, Kentucky.

I am a graduate of Jones' National School
of Auctioneers, Chicago, and have had ex-
perience in the big cattle sales at the Union
Stock Yards, Chicago, where we sold some
thoroughbreds as high as \$1,500. Also in
horse sales where \$50 sales were made each
day. Auctioneering is a science and I have
studied it with this idea. See or phone me
before you arrange for your sale. I can
make sales to your advantage. PHONE 25-R

Bring Your Produce To Us.

We have opened a produce house on Som-
erset street and will pay the highest market
price for all kinds of country produce. Bring us
your stuff.

M. O. BASTIN & CO.,
Stanford, Ky.

BLACKSMITHING!

Bring your Blacksmithing and general
repair work to me. Horse shoeing etc.
Satisfaction guaranteed, shop opposite
Phillips' concrete store.

J. L. Beazley & Co.,
Stanford, Ky.



Undertakers and Embalm-
ers. Also Dealers in Fur-
niture, Mattings, Rugs. They
will exchange Furniture for
all kinds of Stock. Give
Them a Call. Prices Right.

STANFORD, - KENTUCKY

CUT FLOWERS FOR SALE!

I can furnish the public with the best, as
well as the freshest of cut flowers, plants of
all kinds, bulbs, potted flowers, on short
notice. Also make a specialty of wreaths
for funeral purposes.
In connection with the above, I have all
kinds of vegetables on hand at reasonable
prices.

CHRISTMAN GREEN HOUSES,
ED HUBBARD, Prop.,
Stanford, Ky.

J. J. BELDEN,

For house, carriage and sign painting deco-
rative paper hanging also buggy trimming
of all kinds such as tops recovered curtains
and boots made. Stopover Aldridge's black
smith shop West Main St., Stanford Ky.,
Phone No. 624.

J. J. BELDEN.

W. A. TRIBBLE,

Furniture and Undertaking.
Day Phone 28.
Night Phone 133.

Stanford, Kentucky.

L & N. TIME TABLE

No. 21, South, 11:36 P. M.
No. 23, South, 10:45 A. M.
No. 24, North, 4:40 A. M.
No. 22, North, 5:49 P. M.
No. 27, West, 10:29 A. M.
No. 28, East, 2:40 P. M.

JOS. S. RICE, Agent.

MASON'S MEET.

Lincoln Lodge No. 60, F. & A. M. will meet
in stated communication on each first and
third Monday nights of each month, at 7:30
o'clock in their hall on main street, Stan-
ford, Ky. Members of sister lodges are frater-
nally invited to be present. T. W. Pen-
nington Sec.

Harry Jacobs,

Dealer in and Manufacturer of
**Marble and Granite Monu-
ments,**
Markers and Posts, Cemetery and Lawn
Vases and Settees. Office and works, Mc-
Kinney, Ky.

Young And Little Men's



XTRAGOOD

WEAR OUR SPECIALTY.

These little fellows we dress with
pride. Our suits are all cut with Knick-
erbocker trousers in beautiful patterns
and any price from \$3.50 to \$10. Odd
trousers, Knickerbocker styles, sizes 5
to 17, in Kahki, at 50c. In Woolen 50c

H. J. McROBERTS.

G. L. Penny R. H. Coffey E. R. Coleman

Ice Cream Soda Water
Phosphates
Grape Juice

And a Large List of Genuine
Thirst Quenchers At
PENNY'S DRUG STORE,

Stanford, Kentucky.

Detroit Vapor

The Latest In

OIL STOVES.

Absolutely Wickless, No As-
bestos, No Cotton Wicks.

The Very Thing for
Summer Cooking.

Makes life in the kitch-
en endurable in hot
weather.

GEO. H. FARRIS.



CONCRETING

We are in position to do all kinds of con-
creting, such as floors, sidewalks, pavements
and, in fact, we can do any thing from a
house down to a fence post. We can serve
you promptly and guarantee first-class
work and material. Call and get our prices
before you buy your material at least.

PHILLIPS BROS.,
Stanford, Ky.

When Hungry

GO TO

Carson's Restaurant Lancaster, Street,
Stanford, Ky.

Meals served at all hours up to 11:30 P. M.
Best place to go for a good quick
meal.

Cooking to suit our customers our specialty.
Splendid new line of fancy
Groceries.

Hot Coffee, Sandwiches, pies, Butter milk
and sweet milk, etc., at all times.

W. A. CARSON, Prop.

THE BIG SALE IS ON AT SEVERANCE & SON'S.

TWELVE Days Of Special Prices---From July the 7th until July the 20th.



HUNDREDS Of Satisfied Customers are leaving our store every day---Why Not You?

SEVERANCE & SON, Stanford, Kentucky.

There is a new line of 25c box papers, special values at Penny's Drug Store.

PERSONALS.

Tilden Cooper is quite ill and typhoid fever is feared.

Miss Nancy Yeager spent several days with Danville friends.

Mr. Richard Cobb visited in Richmond last week.

Robert Harding Waters will return to St. Louis Sunday.

Mr. J. C. McClary is at Elkhart Springs taking a well earned rest.

Mrs. Rhoda Waters and family are visiting Mr. Frank Spink near Lebanon Junction.

Miss Fannie Searcy, of Lawrenceburg, is a guest of Miss Kate D. Raney.

Miss Nannie Kennedy is at home from Montgomery, Ala., for a short visit. She has a splendid position there.

Mr. Hubert Spencer, of Spring City, Tenn., was the guest this week of Miss Sara M. Dunn.

Miss Lucinda Lutes and Miss Elizabeth Adams, who are attractive guests of Mrs. A. M. Frye at Hustonville were in Stanford yesterday.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Christian church will meet with Mrs. T. A. Rice Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Hon. Jerre A. Sullivan will sail July 9th on the White Star S. S. Baltic for a summer abroad. He will tour the British Isles, the Continent and northern Europe, returning to Richmond in September.—Climax.

Mrs. W. H. Higgins and daughter, Miss Mary Higgins, are spending a few weeks with Dr. W. Harry Higgins at Clifton Springs, New York. They will visit Niagara Falls, Toronto, etc. on their return trip.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

STOPS FALLING HAIR DESTROYS DANDRUFF

AN ELEGANT DRESSING MAKES HAIR GROW

Ingredients: Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinin, Sodium Chloride, Capocum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

Ask your doctor if there is anything injurious here. Ask him also if there is not genuine merit here.

Does not Color the Hair

Miss Annie Dunn is at home from Cedar Springs, S. I., where she taught the past term.

Mrs. James Mershon, of Lebanon Junction, was a pleasant visitor here this week.

Mrs. Clarence Tate and children are spending several days at Crab Orchard Springs.

Mr. W. P. Grimes has returned from Kansas City, where he spent several weeks for his health.

Misses Eva and Mattie Wright, of Riley's and Mr. Walter Noakes are guests of Misses Jeanne and Martha Wren.

Misses Mary Shepard Cook and Mary Raney have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Kenney in Danville.

Miss Peachie Baughman has returned from St. Joseph, Mo., where with her sister, Mrs. Catherine McClary, she has been the guest of Mrs. Smith Penny.

Mrs. Wm. Myatt, of Texas, who was Miss Flora Ballou before her marriage, is here on a visit to her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Ballou. Her many friends will be glad to know that her health is considerably improved.

Archie Traylor is with relatives in Kansas City.

Mrs. J. P. Harper, of Salisbury, N. C., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Crow in Danville. Mrs. Crow returned from the South with her, where she made a visit.

Miss Laura Carpenter entertained most delightfully at her home on the Milledgeville pike Monday afternoon in honor of the members of her house party. The hours were from three to six. The guests of Miss Carpenter's attractive house party are Miss Mary Brown, Miss Martha Hommel, Miss Mary Ashby Cheek, Miss Lula Lillard, Miss Josie Sims, Miss Bertha Taylor, Miss Angie McConnell and Miss Frances Metcalfe.

Short Local News.

Fly Paper; Fly Screens, Fly Killers, Fly everything at the Country Store.

Another stock of Dollar watches at the Country Store.

Before you buy a parcel see the ones at the Country Store.

July is the time to settle accounts; all in debt to me will please call and settle. Miss Ella May Saunders.

Powder, guns, tobacco pipes and tee smokers. Geo. H. Farris.

For sale—First class Bell City thresher at a bargain. W. O. Walker, Stanford, Ky.

Bids for the surplus milk at the Creamery will be received by H. J. McRoberts.

Lost—The bottom of an automobile lantern. Reward for return to M. S. Baughman.

On Saturday July 9th I will sell trimmed hats, 25 cents up to any price you want. Don't miss buying your hat from Miss Ella May Saunders.

Competitive examination for appointment to State college will be held in my office July 15-16. G. Singleton, Supt.

For Sale—Brand new Oliver type-writer latest model; at a bargain; Ed C. Gaines, Lancaster. 31-3

Pure Degring Sisal binder twine at 6 cents a pound. J. G. Weatherford, Hustonville. 33-4

Attention everybody—Special rock bottom prices on hardware, groceries, etc. Don't fail to take advantage of this. George D. Hopper.

It soothes, refreshes, strengthens and purifies the stomach, bowels and kidneys. A tonic that prevents summer troubles. Such is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c tea or tablets at Shugars & anner's. T.

The young people of the Goshen section were very charmingly entertained Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Datson. At 11, delightful refreshments were served and at 12 the young people reluctantly departed for their homes.

A petition has been filed by the wets at Richmond asking for a local option election on Sept. 15. The city went dry three years ago.

Mr. W. A. Carson received this week from his daughter, Mrs. Beulah Pelphrey, of the Old Antioch church neighborhood in Garrard some of the finest home grown honey it has ever been ye editor's pleasure to taste.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Christian church will entertain tonight with a social at the church, the entertainment planned for last week having been postponed. The members of the young people's societies off he other churches are cordially invited to attend.

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The Island of Regeneration

By CYRUS TOWNSEND
V V BRADY
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CHAPTER I.

The Primitive Norn.

Whether she had fainted or fallen asleep, she did not know, but this one thing she was sure, it had been dark when consciousness left her and it was now broad day, although the light seemed to come to her with a greenish tinge which was quite unfamiliar. The transition between her state of yesterday and that of today was as great as if she had been born into morning from the womb of midnight and like a young animal she drank it in blindly with closed eyes. She could hear the thunderous roaring of the breakers crashing upon the barrier reef. Alone—her boat had been wrecked in the darkness of the night before—the sound softened and mellowed by distance came to her in a deep, low accompaniment to the sharper and nearer sounds of the birds singing and the breeze rustling gently through the long leaves of the trees overhead.

The dry sand on which she lay was soft and yielding and made a comfortable bed for her tired body racked with weary days in the constraint and narrowness of a small boat. It was warm, too. She had been drenched when she scrambled on the shore and fell prostrate on the beach, retaining just strength enough and purpose enough to crawl painfully inward to where the tall palms grow before she lapsed in whatsoever way it might have been into oblivion.

Incoherent thoughts raced through her bewildered brain; each one, however, bringing her a little nearer the awakening point of realization. Then there ran through her young body a primal pang which dispelled the tremulous and vague illusions which her fancy had woven about herself as she lay warm and snug and sunny at the foot of the tall trees, and she realized that she was frightfully thirsty, so thirsty that she did not know how hungry she was.

The demand for the material awakened the animal in her. Her thoughts centered instantly; they were at once localized on one supreme desire. Coincidentally her eyes unclosed and she sat up blinking in the strong light. The rising sun still low on the horizon smote her full in the eyes and left her for the moment dazed again. She sat leaning upon her hands extended behind her back staring seaward, saying nothing, thinking nothing, until a strange sound to the right of her attracted her attention. It was a sound made by a human voice and yet it was like nothing human that she had ever heard. It was a wordless, languageless ejaculation, but it roused her interest at once despite her material cravings.

She weakly turned her head and there standing erect with folded arms looking down upon her was a man. He was unclothed entirely save for a fantastic girdle of palm leaves about his waist. She stared at him puzzled, amazed, affrighted. He returned her look with an intent curiosity in which there was no suggestion of evil purpose, rather of great incomprehension, an amazing wonderment. There was nothing about him, save the fact that he was there, which should have caused any alarm in her heart, for with a woman's swift mastery of the possibilities of the other sex, she noticed in her vague terror and wonderment that he was remarkably good to look at. Indeed, she thought that she had never seen so splendid a specimen of physical manhood as that before her. In color he was white. Save that he was bronzed by the tropic sun, he was perhaps whiter than she was. His hair, which hung about his head in a wild, matted tangle, not unpicturesque, was golden; his eyes bright blue. Beneath his beard, unkempt but short and curly, she could see his firm, clean-cut lips. His proportions were superb. He was limbed and chested like the Apollo Belvedere. In him grace and strength strove for predominance. He was totally unlike all that she had read of the aborigines of the South seas.

It was the man who broke the silence, as it had been the man who had broken the spell of her slumber. He made that queer little chuckling noise in his throat which sounded familiar enough and yet she had heard it from the lips of no man before. It meant nothing to her except that he who stood before her at least was not dumb, although the noise he made was certainly no articulate speech as she knew speech or could imagine it.

At any rate it was a stimulus to her. She opened her own parched lips and strove to make reply, but her thirst, with a rising terror and nervousness made her dumb and no sound came forth. The man might be preparing to kill her. He could do so, if he willed, she thought, but she must drink or die. If she could not speak, she could make signs. She leaned forward raised her arm, hollowed her hand and dipped as if from a well and made as if to pour it into her lips. Then she stretched out both her hands to him in the attitude of petition. The man stared hard at her. His brow wrinkled.

It was such a simple sign that any savage would have comprehended it, she thought, and yet it appeared to her, watching in despair, that it took a long time for the idea to beat into his brain. She could wait no longer. She rose to her knees and stretched out her hands again.

"Water!" she gasped in a hoarse whisper. "Water, or I die!"

The man had started violently at her speech. Giving him no time to recover, she went through the motion again, this time with greater effect, for the man turned and vanished. She sank down on the sand too exhausted to follow him even with her eyes. If he brought the water she would drink it and live; if he did not, she would lie where she was and die. She did not care much, she thought, which would happen. She had so sickened of life before she essayed that open boat, that she believed it was simply an animal craving in her which would make her take the water in case it should be brought her. And yet when he did appear with a coconut shell brimming with clear, sparkling liquid, she felt as though the elixir of life had been proffered her.

She seized the shell with both hands which yet so trembled that most of the precious water spilled on her dress as she carried it to her parched lips. This was good in the end, for if that vessel had been the famed Jotunheim drinking horn, she would have drained it dry ere she set it down. As it was, she got but little; yet that little was enough to set her heart beating once more. Emptying the shell of the last drop—and with that keenness of perception which her long training had intensified and developed, marking the while that it had not been cut clean by any knife or saw or human implement, but was jagged and broken as if from a fall, she dropped it on the sand and looked again toward the man. He held in his hand fruit of some kind, she did not know what it was. It might have been poison. What mattered it? Having drunk she must also eat. It looked edible, it was inviting to the eye and smell, and as she sunk her teeth into it, she found it agreeable to the taste also. He had brought it to her. If he had meant harm, present harm, surely he would not have given the water. She ate it contentedly.

As the man saw her partake of what he had given her, he clapped his hands and laughed. She was grateful for that laugh. It was more human than the babbling sounds which he made before.

There was but little of the fruit, just what a child would have brought and this again was good for her, for had there been an abundance, in her need



"Water!" She Gasped in a Hoarse Whisper.

she would have eaten until she had made herself ill. When she had partaken, she rose to her feet. Before doing this she had extended her hand to him as if seeking assistance, but he had simply stared at her uncomprehending and she had been forced to get to her feet unaided. Once standing, she trembled and would have fallen, but that she caught his arm and steadied herself by holding tightly to it. The man started back at her touch. Color came and went in his face; little shudders swept over him; his mouth opened; he looked at her with a singular expression of awe not unmixed with terror in his eyes, for this was the first time in his recollection or what would have been his recollection if his retrospective faculties had been developed, that he had ever felt the touch of a woman's hand, of any human hand upon him.

Noticing his peculiar demeanor in the, to her, perfectly natural situation, the woman summoning some of the remains of the reserve of force which is in every human body until life is gone, released his arm and stared about her leaning against the trunk of the nearest palm. This time, and for the first time, she took in that expanse of sea, lonely yet beautiful, upon which her eyes were to look so often. Out

of the deep and the night she had come. Into what deep and into what day had she arrived?

She turned and surveyed the shore. The beach curved sharply to the right and to the left, the long barrier reef following roughly its contour until the land obscured it on either side. Back of her stretched a grove of palms and back of that rose a hill; its crest bare and craglike towered above a sea of verdure. Through a chance vista she saw the mass of rock as a mountain peak. On one side high precipitous cliffs ran down close to the shore and shut out the view. Over them water fell to the beach.

Save in the person of the man beside her there was not an evidence of humanity anywhere. No curl of smoke rose above the trees. No distant call of human voices smote the fearful hollow of her ear. The breeze made music in the tall palms and in the thick verdure farther up the hill side, birds sang softly here and there, but there was a tropical stillness to which the great heaving diapason on the distant barriers was a foundation of sound upon which to build a lonely quiet. Human beings there might be, there must be, on that island, if island it were; but if so, they must be abiding off the farther side. She and the man were alone.

Standing on her feet, with a slight renewal of her strength from what she had eaten and drunk, the woman now felt less fear of the man. He had treated her kindly. His aspect was gentle, even amiable. He looked at her wistfully, bending his brows from time to time and ever again shaking his head, as a great dog looks at the master with whom he would fain speak, whose language he would fain understand, to whom he would fain impart his own ideas if he could.

She stared at him perplexed. She was entirely at loss what to do, until her eyes roving past him detected a dark object on the water line just where the still blueness touched the white sand. The sunlight was reflected from gleams of metal, and thinking that she recognized it, she stepped from the shade of the palms and made her way unsteadily toward it. The man, without a sound, followed closely at her side.

Her vision had been correct, for she drew out of the sand a leather handbag, such as women carry. It had been elaborately fitted with bottles and mirrors and toilet articles. Alas, it was in a sad state of dilapidation now. The bottles were broken, their contents gone. The bag had been lying in the boat when it had been hurled on the shore and tide which had borne her ashore had hurled it also on the sand. But it had come open in the battering and its contents were pitifully ruined. With eager eyes and fingers she examined everything. She found intact a little mirror, a pair of scissors, a little housewife which was not a part of the fittings and she wondered how it failed of being washed away, two combs and a package of hairpins.

She had fought against starvation and thirst and loneliness and despair as she had fought against men and she had not given way. She had set her teeth and locked her hands and endured hardship like the stoutest hearted, most determined soldier in the history of human struggles. But as the realization of this small misfortune burst upon her, she sank down on the sands and put her head in her hands and sobbed. Tears did her good. She had her cry out, utterly unheeded, for the man stood by, shaking his head and staring at her and making those strange little sounds, but offering in no way to molest her.

The water was beautifully clear and she could see on the other side of the barrier the remains of her boat. Perhaps some time, if there were need, she could get to that boat, but for the present all the flotsam and jetsam of her wild and fearful voyage lay in a water-soaked bag full of broken glass and battered silver from which she had rescued a pair of scissors, a mirror, two combs, a housewife full of rusty needles and some hairpins. O vanitas vanitatum!

She was wearing a serviceable dress of blue serge with a sailor's blouse and a short skirt. Putting her precious treasure trove within the loose blouse and carrying the battered bag which she meant to examine more carefully later, she turned and made for the shade of the trees again. For one thing the sun rising rapidly was gaining power and beating down with great force upon her bare head. She had enjoyed the protection of a wonderful plaited straw hat on her long voyage else she could not have borne the heat, but that, too, was gone.

As she walked inland, she noticed again off to her right that stream of water which dropped over the tall cliff in a slender waterfall a sweet inviting pool at the base before it ran through the sands toward the sea. She made her way thither and at the brink knelt down and took long draughts of it. Eating and drinking evidently went together in the mind of the man, for when she raised her head, she found him standing before her with both hands filled with some of the fruit she had partaken of before and other fruit. She thought she recognized the breadfruit and a species of banana. At any rate, she ate again and having by this time recovered to some extent her mental poise, she ate sparingly and with caution.

Then having satisfied her material needs, she knelt down by the stream and washed her face and hands. How sweet was the freshness of that water to her face burned by the sun and the wind and subjected for a long time to the hard spray of the briny seas. She would have been glad to have taken off her clothing and plunged into the pool, to have washed the salt of days

from her tired body, to have had the stimulus and refreshment of its sparkling coolness over her weary limbs. But in the presence of her doglike attendant this was not yet possible.

Still she could and must arrange her hair. Of all the articles in her dressing bag, she was more fervently thankful at that moment for the combs than anything else, the combs and the little mirror and the hairpins—small things indeed, but human happiness as a rule turns on things so small that the investigator and promotor thereof generally overlook them. And we know not the significance of the little until upon some desert island we are left with only those.

It was still early, about eight o'clock. How was she to pass the day? She must do something. She felt she could not sit idly staring from sea to shore. She must be moving. No business called her; she must invent some. The compelling necessity of a soul not born for idleness was upon her. She would explore the land. That was logically the first thing to be done any way and this was a highly trained woman who thought to live by rule and law albeit her rules were poor ones.

She started inland, the man following after. She had gained confidence in herself with every passing moment. The man who looked at her as a dog she would treat as one. She must have some privacy. She could not always have him trailing at her heels. She turned by a great boulder, pointed to it, laid her hand on the man's shoulder and gently forced him to a sitting position by it. Then she walked away. He stared wistfully after her departing figure, and as she turned around to look at him, he sprang to his feet.

"No, no!" she cried imperatively, making backward threatening motions with her hands, whereat he resumed his sitting position, staring at her until he lost her among the trees.

Presently she turned and came back to him. It was so deathly lonely without him. He leaped to his feet as he saw her coming and clapped his hands as a child might have done, his face breaking into the while into a smile that was both trustful and touching. She felt better since she had him under this control, and together they walked on under the trees.

CHAPTER II.

Conscious of His Manhood.

High noon and they were back at the landing place and she at least was very tired. Accompanied by the man, who made not the slightest attempt to guide her, after some difficulty she had succeeded in forcing her way through the trees to the top of the hill. Part of the time she had followed the course of the rivulet from which she had drunk at the foot of the cliff. She was determined to get to the top, for she must see what was upon the other side. Humanity's supreme desire when facing the hills has always been to see what was on the other side. The stimulus of the unknown was upon her, but it was coupled with a very lively desire begot of stern necessity to know what there was to be known of the land upon which she had been cast up by the sea.

Her view from the hilltop—she did not essay the unclothed and jagged peak; she could make her way around its base and see all that there was to see—was not reassuring. She could detect on the other side of the island no more evidence of life than were presented by that she had first touched upon. In every direction lay the unvarnished sea. The day was brilliantly clear; there was not a cloud in the sky. No mist dimmed the translucent purity of the warm air. Nothing broke the far horizon. The island, fair and beautiful, was set alone in a mighty ocean. In so far as she could tell, she and the man were alone upon it. The thought oppressed her. She strove to throw it off. The silence of the man oppressed her as well. She turned to him at last and cried out, the words wrung from her by the horror of the situation.

"Man, man, whence came you? How are you called? What language do you speak? Why are you here?"

The sound of her own voice gave her courage. Waiting for no answer, and indeed she realized that none could come, she stepped to the brow of the hill where the trees happened not to be and raising her voice called and called and called. There were answering echoes from the jagged crag behind her, but when these died away there was silence unbroken save by the queer babbling, chuckling noises of the man.

She looked at him with a sudden sinking of the heart. Had this godlike creature roaming the woods, this faun of the island been denied a brain, articulate speech? Was she doomed to spend the rest of her life alone in this paradise of the Pacific with a harmless madman forever by her side? What a situation was that in which she found herself!

She was a highly specialized product of the greatest of universities. In science and in philosophy she was a master and a doctor. She should have had resources within herself which would enable her to be independent of the outside world, a world in which her experience, self-brought, had been bitter, in which the last few weeks had been one long disillusionment. And yet she was now overwhelmed with craving for companionship, for articulate speech, as if she had never looked into a book or given a thought to the deep things of life. If this man beside her would only do something, say something, be something rather than a silent satomike forever staring in wonder. If she could only solve the mystery of his presence, an-

swer the interrogation that his very existence there alone presented.

Her future, her present, indeed, should have engrossed her mind. What she was to do, how she was to live, the terrible problems in which his presence on the island involved her should have been the objects of her attention; they should have afforded food for thought to the keenest of women. She simply forgot them in her puzzled wonder at him. It would have been much simpler from one point of view if she had found the island uninhabited, and yet since the man was human and alive, in spite of her judgment, her heart was glad that he was there.

She motioned to him to sit down and then she sat in front of him and studied him. He looked as little like a fool as like a knave. She could, indeed, detect no evidence of any intellectual capacity, but she thought, as she studied him keenly, that he possessed unlimited intellectual possibilities. There was a mind back of those bright blue eyes, that broad noble brow, but it seemed to her a mind entirely undeveloped, mind utterly latent. Here was a soul, she thought



The Silence of the Man Oppressed Her.

half in fancy, half in earnest, that was virgin to the world. How wise, how deeply learned she might be she was fated to face with this primeval norm.

Could she teach this man anything? He seemed tractable, reverential, deferential now. Knowledge was power. Would it be power with him? Could she open those sealed doors of his mind, what floods would outpour therefrom, of power, of passion? Would she be swept away? It mattered not. She must try. The impulse seized her to begin now. Fixing her dark eyes upon him, she pointed directly at him with her finger.

"Man," she said clearly and emphatically.

He was always looking at her. He had scarcely taken his eyes from her since she had seen him in the tall grass by the shore, but at her gesture and word his eyes brightened. There was that little wrinkling of the brow again which she had noticed, outward and visible sign of an inward attempt at comprehension.

"Man!" she said passionately. "Man," she repeated over and over again.

And then the unexpected happened. After innumerable guttural attempts, her unwitting pupil managed to articulate something that bore a distinct resemblance to the clearly cut monosyllable.

"Man!" he said at last.

It was a tremendous step in evolution, almost too great for any untutored human brain, for at once the man before her received a name and the idea of name as well. In that instant, on the heaven kissed hill, he was differentiated from all the rest of creation forever. His consciousness hitherto vague, floating, incoherent, indefinite, was localized, given a habitation and a name. He knew himself in some way to be.

"Man!" he cried, growing more and more confident with every repetition and more and more accurate in catching the very intonation with which she spoke.

"Man!" he cried, laying his hand upon his breast. "Man!"

He leaped to his feet and stretched out his arms. The doors were open a little way. Ideas were beginning to edge their way through the crack.

"Man! Man! Man!" he cried again and again, looking eagerly at her.

She rose in turn and patted him on the shoulder encouragingly as she might a dog. And again the touch, the second touch that she had given him, affected him strangely, so strangely that for a moment she felt the soul within her shrink, but realizing instantly that her domination over him was spiritual and immaterial and that the slightest evidence of timidity would be translated into universal language which even the lowest creation would go on the instant, she mastered herself and mastered him. Although she was but a woman whom he might have broken in his hands, she dominated him as the conscious soul ever dominates the unconscious soul.

She essayed no more lessons, but turned and retraced her way to the shore where she had landed, which because she had landed there, she called home. On the way she attempted an experiment. She plucked from a low bush a bright colored fruit of whose quality and characteristics she was ignorant and slowly made as if to convey it to her lips.

"Man!" cried the voice behind her, uttering his only word.

She turned to find her companion

looking fixedly at her and proffering other fruit which he had quickly gathered. She handed him that she had plucked in exchange. He shook his head, not in negation but rather in bewilderment and threw it from him, and then she understood in some way that the fruit was not good for food. How he had divined it, she could not tell. Some compensating instinct, sharpened by use into a protecting quality, had taught him. She had no such instinct. She had learned to depend upon reason and observation, and these failed her in the presence of this unknown. She was humbled a little in this thought.

She craved meat and salt, having been trained to these things, the artificial diet and stimulant to which she had become accustomed, and her craving was the more insistent because she had been without them all that time in the boat. And yet when she had eaten the fruit that nature had provided in that tropic island, her craving was abated and she was satisfied. She felt that she could soon grow accustomed to such a diet if it were necessary. So musing she passed on under the trees and sat down on the sand again.

The next thing she remembered, she was unclosing her eyes as she had done early in the morning and the man was still watching by her side. She had been so utterly wearied by her strange adventure, by her long wrestling with thirst and starvation, in the open boat that before she knew it weariness overcame her. He had watched by her side without molesting her. It was late in the evening now. The problem of the night had to be faced. This time the man took the initiative. He walked along the shore a little way and then looked back at her, and repeated the process once or twice as a dog might have done who was desirous of bringing his master to some appointed place. Understanding she rose and followed him. He led her along the sands now shadowed by the tall palms until they came to the rivulet, where she stopped and drank once more. They passed it, he plunging boldly through its shallows; she leaping from rock to rock until she reached the other bank. He went swiftly around the face of the cliff. As she passed the point she saw that it curved suddenly inward away from the shores into a sort of amphitheater and fair in the center of the face she perceived an opening. He halted there and entered fearlessly, she following.

The cave was roomy and spacious, at least it seemed so in the fading light. In the morning when the sun shone through the opening, it would be flooded with daylight, but now when the sun was sinking behind the hill, it was quite dark. It was dry and clean and apparently empty. The man stood looking at her smiling, at least there was a suggestion of a smile upon his lips. He was nodding his head. She understood that he lived there. The dog had come back to his kennel and had taken this acquaintance there, too.

It would be a good place to pass the night. The night had to be passed somewhere. How was the problem. She had little fear of any savage animals on the island. There had been no evidence of them observed in her progress; the man himself was testimony to immunity of attack from that source. Had it not been for him, she could have lain down in that cave with quiet confidence and slept without apprehension of molestation, but he complicated the issue.

Twice he had watched by her asleep, but that was in the broad daylight. When darkness came, what then? Her heart was filled with terror. She was suddenly afraid of the dark, a childish fear at which her soul would have mocked in other days and under other conditions. But now she was a prey to vivid apprehension and the night was coming on with the swiftness of the tropics. She was glad that she had slept through the long afternoon. She would endeavor to keep awake during the night. She must turn the dog out of his kennel and occupy that herself. How was she to enforce her will under the circumstances? She could only try.

"Man," she said, pointing to the door, "go!"

The words conveyed nothing, but the gesture meant much. Even to the man association with his kind for one day had effected a revolution in him. He hung undecided, however, before her, while she repeated again and again her injunction. Finally she took him by the shoulder, risking the peculiar emotions that contact seemed to bring to him, and thrust him gently through the entrance outside. Then she went back into the cave farther and waited with a beating heart. She could see him silhouetted against the twilight standing where she had left him. He came toward the door at last and stood in the entrance.

"No, no!" she cried fiercely, praying that the note of terror might be lost in the imperative tones of her voice. "Man, go!"

She stood waiting and he likewise. Mustering her courage at last, she went over to him and thrust him out. Again and again the little drama was played until by and by it became impressed upon the mind of the man that he was to stay out and she was to stay in. He came no more to the entrance. He stood outside, aloof, looking in, although in the growing darkness he could not see her.

It was the second thing he had learned. The first ray of light in his dawning consciousness had illuminated the ego, the personal, the concrete. He was learning now the significance of a verb and an abstract idea was being bred in him and some concept of constraint was entering his being. The first of those long checks that circumstances impose upon freedom in order that civilization may be

gle to be was then meeting him face to face. He had slept in that cave, she imagined, for years, and suddenly he was thrust out. There was no hardship in that, except the hardship in the necessity for obedience, if hardship that might be. The night was balmy and pleasant; no shelter was needed. It was the fact that he had to go; that he was subject to another will and purpose; that something higher than himself was overruling him which might be hard. It would have been hard for the woman. She thought, however, that the limited comprehension of the man might not enable him to realize it.

He stood a long time on the sand while she watched him. Had she conquered? Had he learned his lesson? Had she laid foundations upon which consciousness of life and its relations might be built? Would she be free from the terror of molestation, which in spite of herself sought expression in her voice and manner? Would she be permitted to pass the night undisturbed? Was her power over him sufficiently definite to be established and to be of value? Suppose she had not succeeded in mastering him, in dominating him? She shuddered at the probabilities involved. Of all the beasts of the field, the most terrible when he is a beast is man.

She was not a weak woman. She was above the middle height, athletic, splendidly developed, accustomed to



He Stood for a Long Time on the Sand.

the exercises of the gymnasium and the field, but her strength was no match for his. One ray of safety appeared in the fact that she believed him ignorant alike of the extent of his power or of the possibilities of the situation. She wondered what strange thoughts were going on in that latent brain over which by the use of moral force and courage she was striving to establish domination. She rejoiced to find that even in the midst of her anxieties she could think so clearly about the situation.

Did he know his lesson, she wondered. She could only hope. If she only had a weapon, she thought, the weakness of sex might be equalized. There was nothing. Yes, her thought reverted to the womanly pair of scissors. With trembling hand she drew them forth and clenched the little tool of steel tightly. It was a poor dependence but the best she had. And then she drew quietly back into the recesses of the cave and sat down leaning against the wall, her eyes bright with dread, anticipation and curiosity. She watched and waited, resolved if necessary to remain awake the long night through.

Outside the man had stood motionless a long time after the final repulse. The dusk had not yet melted into dark and there he was easily visible against the sky framed by the opening as a dim picture. She was hardly aware of the intensity with which she watched him and she was greatly surprised when she saw him at last kneel down upon the sands. She saw that the palms of his hands were pressed together in front of him; that his head was bowed, that his attitude was that of prayer! He was saying something. She could hear him without difficulty. She could distinguish no words in the rude succession of sounds that seemed to come from his lips, but her acute and quickened perception seemed to recognize a nearer resemblance to articulate speech than anything she had yet heard from him.

What was he doing? In a flash the woman realized that the man was praying. The realization smote her like a blow, for this woman had long since put away prayer. In her philosophy of life there was no place for God; in her scheme of affairs the Divine was unimminent. And yet alone on that island, in the darkness, despite her attempt to mock away the consciousness, she was relieved at that sight.

The little ritual on the sand ended with the one word her pupil knew.

"Man!" he said striking his breast again and staring upward toward the heavens. "Man!" he cried as if in his new consciousness he would fain introduce himself to his Maker, the woman thought. "His Maker!" her lips writhed into a bitter smile that was half a sneer.

What would he do next? He rose to his feet and peeped toward the door. She grasped the scissors tighter and held her breath. But he had learned his lesson. With indescribable relief she saw him turn aside and cast himself down upon the sand where he lay motionless. If she had had any faith she would have breathed "Thank God!" As it was, she was very glad.

She watched him a long time, speculating on the questions she had asked him on the hill in the morning; who he was what he was; whence he came; where he had learned that bab-

ble of prayer; why he was devoid of speech; what was the God to whom he prayed? She would study those things. The problems fascinated her. The desolation and loneliness of the island might have crushed her. Relieved from her immediate apprehensions the man delighted her. She would investigate him, analyze him, synthesize him, teach him. She would mother him as a woman a child. No such opportunity as was hers had ever presented itself to a human being. Free, as she imagined herself, from inherited prejudices, devoid of old superstitions, crammed with new learning, illuminated with new light, abhorrent of narrow things, she fancied herself well fitted for that strangely maternal and preceptive role in which chance had placed her. She would play upon that mind virgin to her touch, if she might use a woman's word, until it ran in harmony with her own. Alone upon that island, the rest of the world away, she would find occupation, interest, inspiration in that nascent man.

He lay so still and so quiet that presently she arose and tiptoed softly to the entrance where unseen she could look down upon him. The moon rose back of the hill. Although he was in the shadow, there was still refraction sufficient to enable her to see his face. He was asleep. The quiet, dreamless, untroubled sleep of a healthy animal, she thought. Their positions were reversed. He had watched her before when she was off guard and asleep with what dim, dumb, inchoate effort it might be to comprehend her. Now it was her turn. He took no disfavor in her mind after her inspection. He was a bold, splendid piece of . . . what? Clay. She would put a soul in him, her soul. Her soul was the only thing she knew. She forgot, or if she remembered it, disdained the ancient concept that before the dust of the earth became alive it had to be permeated with the breath not merely of man or woman, but of God.

She came back at last and sought her corner, disposed her limbs to rest and kept through silent hours her lonely vigil. So long as she slept she was safe. When he awakened, what then? So long as his mind slept, his soul slept, his consciousness slept, she was safe, but when they, too, awakened, when whatsoever light there might be that dawned in personality dispelled the night of idle dreams in which he lived, what would happen then?

Instinctively she shrank from the thought of the future. She was as one who had a potent talisman in her hand and feared to put it to the touch. So the fisherman in the Arabian tale, if he had known the contents of the corked bottle thrown up from the sea, might have hesitated ere he drew the stopper and released the prisoned spirit. She must watch, she must wait, she must be on her guard. She forgot that when she had called him "Man" and laid her hand upon his shoulder she had begun an evolution which no human power could stop.

Never had the hours seemed so long and so strange to her. Nothing happened. Even the capacity to think gives out in the strongest mind, the acutest brain, temporarily or otherwise. She was very tired; the silence was oppressive; the rusty scissors fell from her hand and at last she slipped down upon the sand and drifted away into that slumber, that suspension of consciousness in which for the moment she was even as the man.

The upper edge of the sun was just springing from the sea when its level rays woke her. She opened her eyes to find the man standing in the opening.

CHAPTER III.

The Word of the Book.

This awakening was not as had been that of yesterday. She prided herself on being in full possession of her faculties at once and she arose instantly and stepped out upon the sand. The man gave way to her respectfully as she passed through the entrance. The mind is brightest in the early morning after sleep. She would give him another concept before the uses of the day, impaired his receptivity. She had differentiated him from the rest of creation when she taught him that he was a man. She would show him now that his was a divided empire by declaring herself a woman. She laid her hand upon her own breast and said clearly:

"Woman!" giving the first syllable the long "o" and definitely accenting the second. She pointed to him and repeated "Man;" to herself and repeated "Woman." Patiently over and over again she said the word until by and by he could say it, too.

The baby begins his language with monosyllabic sounds which mean little and yet which have been identified with the mother. It was fitting that this man who was as a child and yet as a man should begin with something deeper than infantile babble.

Man and woman!—she drove these two ideas into his consciousness before she ceased her task. If his idea of man was at first infinite, she gave him the concept of limitations immediately following.

He was avid for instruction. Once he had learned the words, he babbled them "man, woman, man, woman," until the iteration was almost maddening.

While she washed her face and hands at the stream he plunged into a brimming pool fed by the brook ere it descended to the sea. She noticed that he could swim like a fish itself, naturally, instinctively, in an untrained way of course, without the fancy strokes in which she had been taught, but brilliantly and well, nevertheless. She would have given the world for a dip, but it was not to be, not yet, that is.

Then they breakfasted and she tried

to teach him "No" and "Yes" and the meaning thereof. She intended to make a circuit of the island later, but there was no hurry. She began to realize that time was nothing to her or to him, and so she idled under the trees, setting him tasks as the picking of fruit and then stopping him with "No" and encouraging him with "Yes" until he had some idea of those words also. It was a relief to her to get them firmly fixed in his mind, for they provided him with alternatives to the man and woman words on which he harped.

After a while they started around the island. It was perhaps six or eight miles in circumference. There was a sand beach everywhere, except in one place where the rocks came sheer down to the shore. From what she could tell by an inspection of the surface there was an under-water entrance to some cave in the rocks which some day might be worth exploring.

On the other side of the island from the cave, which was already denominated home in her mind, she came across the remains of a ship's boat deep bedded in the sand. The boat had been perhaps wrecked and broken on the barrier reef, or possibly it had sailed through the entrance near at hand—the only opening in the encircling guard of splintered rock which she had seen—and had been hurled upon the beach where it had lain through years until buried in the shifting sand. Only the gunwales of the boat and the stem and the stern were exposed. She had no idea as to what its condition was, but she promised that so soon as she could she would make shift at something for a shovel and dig it out. She gazed at it for a long time wondering if it were an explanation of the presence of the solitary inhabitant of the island, but nothing was to be gained by wonderment and speculation.

A little stream she noticed trickled from under a thick covert across the sand toward the sea. She turned and idly walked away from the beach, following the stream. The man, who had stood with her watching the boat, did not for a moment notice her, but so soon as he discovered her direction, ran after her and without offering to touch her barred the way with extended arms.

"No, no!" he cried, his first real spontaneous use of the word.

She stopped, reflected, waved the man aside and went on. There was something in the copic that he feared. She had not known that he possessed the faculty. Her curiosity was too strong to be denied. She must see what it was. She quickened her pace as if to shake him off, but he easily kept by her side plaintively ejaculating his monosyllabic negative. It was evident that he knew the meaning of the word, she was glad to see.

When she reached the undergrowth of the copic, she hesitated in apprehension of she knew not what, but summoning her courage parted the reeds and peered in them. She shrank back with a sudden cry of horror, for at her feet, the vegetation springing through in every direction, lay a skeleton, a human skeleton. It lay



She Shrank Back with a Sudden Cry of Horror.

athwart her path and at the feet was a smaller skeleton which she judged to be that of a dog. With instinctive repugnance she released the rushes and turned hastily away.

"Yes, yes," said the man by her side with an expression of unusual relief on his face which she could scarcely fail to notice.

She knew that she could not thus evade her duties or shrink from her problems. She had marked the gleam of metal amid the bones. She knew that she would have to come back and examine those last remnants of human presence, other than their own, upon the island, but she could not do it just then.

There was nothing else that she discovered on her tour about her prison until she returned to the cave. It was afternoon by this time and she determined to employ some of her hours in a more careful inspection of it. Realizing that the lesson of the night before if re-enforced and maintained would stand her in good stead, she made the man remain outside while she went within. Her hope was to establish in his mind a custom of avoidance of that recess which should develop into a fixed habit, else she could not be free. She could always secure a few moments respite from his presence, at least she had done so heretofore, but she did not dare to try how he would sustain longer absences, hence the necessity for establishing herself in the cave as a harbor of refuge, a sanctuary.

At first glance there was nothing

within the little apartment, washed out ages ago from the hard stone by what action of water she could well imagine, but as she scrutinized it closely she noticed in a recess a part where the rock wall cropped out in a sort of low shelf. On the shelf—wonder of wonders!—lay a book. Next to humanity, a book, she thought, would be the most precious sharer of her solitude.

It was a small, leather-bound volume. Dust in the form of tiny particles of sand lay thick upon it. The cave was sheltered from the prevailing winds else it might have been buried, but under the circumstances it might have lain there for ages and in that dry, pure air have suffered no deterioration or decay.

Crusoe was petrified when he saw the footprint in the sand. The woman was not less startled or less amazed when she saw the book on the rock. With a little cry of delight she stepped toward it, bent down, lifted it up, handling it carefully in spite of nervous exultation, shook the dust from it, and opened it. She instantly let it fall from her hands with a look of disappointment and disgust. One glance was enough. The book was the Bible. She had no interest in the Bible, a collection of ancient genealogies and time-worn fables, myths for the credulous and impossible legends, mixed up with poetry whose inspiration was trivial and history whose details were false. For this woman, who had forgotten how to pray and who had abolished God, had little use for the Book of Books. Rather any other printed page, she had thought bitterly, than that one.

She had acted upon impulse, not in her disdain for the Bible and that for which it stood—that was grounded upon reason and philosophy, she fondly believed—but in her action in casting it from her. It had no more than rolled upon the sand at her feet when, with swift reconsideration, she stooped and lifted it again. It had occurred to her that there might be writing therein and that the writing might give her a clue to the mystery of the man. She knew that births and deaths were frequently entered upon the blank leaves interposed between the Old and New Testaments. Unfamiliar though she was with the contents of the book, she easily found the place and eagerly looked at the leaves. Alas, they were blank. She turned to the fly leaves at the beginning of the book. There was a name written there and in a woman's hand.

"John Revell Charnock," she read. Below was a date 25 years before the moment of her landing.

John Revell Charnock. It was a strange name, English in part, with a suggestion of France in the middle name. It meant nothing to her. Was this John Revell Charnock who stood outside looking at her? If so, who was John Revell Charnock? The problem was not greatly elucidated. There was no evidence that the book belonged to the man or the man to the book, or even that the one appertained remotely to the other. There was a certain likelihood, however, that they had come to the island together.

She had been sure that the man was a white man. She had thought that he looked like an American, an Englishman, an Anglo-Saxon, and the longer she looked at him with the Bible in her hand the more sure she became.

She had been disappointed that the book had turned out to be the Bible, but at least it would serve one useful purpose. By it, without the laborious effort involved in making letters upon the sand, she might teach the man before her to read. She wished she had a worthier volume from her point of view through which to introduce him to the world's literature, but she would do the best she could with that. It was pitiful, as she saw it, that with a nascent soul to work with, she should be compelled to enlighten it through the medium of time-worn superstition.

Below the shelf, not quite buried in the sand, there was a small metal box. She knelt down, scraped the sand away and presently uncovered it. It appeared to be of silver. It was of such a size that she could clasp it easily in her hand. She opened it not without some difficulty and found within it—nothing! Well, not exactly nothing, but certainly that for which she could see little value. There were several hard pieces of stone of a reddish color chipped and shaped in curious fashion. She turned the box over and examined it on all sides. There were initials upon it, a monogram. She rubbed it clean with her hands and studied it carefully—"J. R. C." The book and the box had belonged to the same person, John Revell Charnock.

She laid the box aside and searched the cave further. There was absolutely nothing else to be seen. Disappointed vaguely, although she had expected nothing and had gotten more, indeed, than she might have imagined if she had thought about it, she laid the book and box down upon the ledge and went out again. She walked along the sands until she came to the place where she had landed the day before. The tide was low. She could see the wreck of her boat, partly on the barrier reef and partly in the water. It would have been no trick for her to swim to it in the stillness, yet she hesitated to attempt it. Certainly weighted down by all her clothing it was a matter of difficulty and inconvenience. If it were not for this man by her side! She tried to think of some way to restrain him, keep him away, but nothing occurred to her. Invention was paralyzed by the situation in which she found herself.

Desperately bidding him stay where he was, she went back to the cave. She was face to face with a crisis which had to be met. Indeed, the question of clothes was becoming a

very serious one with her and she knew she should have to decide upon some course of action immediately.

For the present, she took off her garments, hoping and praying in a shiver of dread and anxiety, that he would remain where she had left him, which indeed proved the fact. She laid aside all that she had worn except the blouse and skirt, including her sadly worn shoes and stockings. Thus lightly clad she came out on the sand again. He did not notice any change in her condition. As a matter of fact she gave him no time, for she flashed across the sand at full speed and plunged boldly into the smiling water of the lagoon. He followed her instantly and swam by her side with scarcely any exertion whatever.

It was not long before she reached the barrier reef. It stood up a foot or two above the water now, the tide being low, and she clambered upon it. The sharp rocks cut her naked and tender feet, unused to such exertions and unfitted to such demands, but she persevered. The boat had been beaten to pieces. It had been forced over the reef by the hurl of the sea. The stern had been wedged in between some projecting rocks. The rest of it had been torn away and had fallen into the lagoon. There was no wind, the sea was untroubled. She could see as if through a glass the wrecked remains of the boat. There was nothing in it except the battered motor, useless for days before she landed, since her supply of gasoline had been exhausted. Everything else had been washed out of it and carried into the deeper recesses of the lagoon where they were inaccessible to the human vision.

Stop! Under what remained of a piece of thwart she caught a little gleam of metal. Calculating the distance nicely, she plunged in and dove. Keeping her eyes open she easily found the piece of metal, dislodged it from the place where it had fallen and came to the surface with it. It was a sailor's sheath knife with a bit of lanyard fastened to it. She had had a fancy to wear it in her sailor's blouse and she had missed it since she had come ashore.

But there was nothing else in the boat, not a thing; nothing on the barrier reef. She tried to pull the stern away where it had been wedged, but found that impossible. She tugged at it valiantly, but could not move it. In despair she turned to the man who had watched silently as usual and pointed. He seemed to understand, for he came and with great effort lifted the torn part of the boat from the rocks and laid it down at her feet. She threw it into the water, where, of course, as it was wood, it floated easily. Then, with a nod to him she plunged in and together they guided it to the shore, he taking his cue from her action.

She had a fancy to test his strength and she managed to convey to him by signs, mainly by trying herself in vain to pull it apart, what she wished him to do. The impossible to her was child's play to him, and in a moment the several pieces of the boat which made up the stern were scattered on the beach. There was one straight piece which went across the stern of the boat and made a little box for the coxswain to sit in, which would do for a shovel. It was too wide, but she broke it against a big stone and was possessed of what she wanted. The ends were rough and serrated and unfit for her hands, but these she smoothed by the aid of her knife. She sharpened the other end and soon had a rude semblance of a shovel. She intended to use that on the boat on the sand the next day.

Finished with this, she looked at the man and sighed in despair. Could she ever get rid of him? Instantly there flashed into her mind that which she had before overlooked as of no moment. A long, heavy boat rope, the boat's painter, she had noticed when she dove lay floating by the side of the boat from which it had not been severed. An idea came to her. Dropping the shovel and followed by her satellite, she plunged in once more and again swam to the boat. Wasting no time, she dove as before, found the rope and having previously opened her knife, cut it quickly and came to the surface gasping.

There were perhaps 10 or 12 feet of it. It was a stout piece of rope, of unusual quality, as had been everything on board the yacht. The very best of stuff had gone into it and she did not believe any man on earth could break it. She had amused herself on the cruise by learning the rudiments of seamanship and she could tie knots like any sailor. This little accomplishment was to stand her in good stead. She wrapped the rope around her neck, plunged in the lagoon for the third time, and swam once more to the shore.

She led the way up the sands to the palm grove. Then she tied the rope around the man's neck, not in a slip noose, of course, but in a hard circle, and quickly made a running bowline around the nearest tree. He had not made the slightest resistance. He had no idea evidently of what she was doing or the purport of her motions. Then she turned and went away from him quickly. He started for her at once and was nearly jerked from his feet by the tautening of the rope. It was a new situation for him, yet his hands instinctively went to his throat and he strove to tear away the noose, putting forth such a prodigious amount of strength that she stood in horror lest he should part the lashing. But it was made of stout stuff and he had no purchase; although he pulled until the sweat stood out on his forehead from the violence of his efforts, they were of no avail. She had not dared to interfere or to say a word, but when she saw his efforts slacken, she pointed to the sands to indicate to him

that he was to sit down, and then she went away conscious that while the rope held she was free. She was conscious of another thing, too, and that was that he was learning a sad and bitter lesson of physical restraint to which he had never before been subject.

She had rejoiced in his companionship, of course. It had given her something to do, her mind something to work upon, and would do more in the future, but she never enjoyed a moment's freedom more. She ran to the little amphitheater formed by the cliffs where the cave was and throwing aside her blouse and skirt, she luxuriated in a bath in the fresh, cool, delightful waters of the pool at the base of the fall. There was a certain amount of apprehension, for, of course, he might break his tether at any time, but she was sufficiently confident not to let this take away the pleasure she felt in the bath of fresh water after the long experience with the salt sea, if she had had a cake of soap she would have been completely happy.

She had much to do and she could not linger. For one thing, she had to face the problems of clothes. She had absolutely nothing when she landed except what she wore. Besides the usual underwear these consisted of her blue serge blouse and skirt—a short skirt at that—and a silk petticoat. She left the blouse and skirt



A Gleaming Figure Like an Olympian Goddess.

outside on the rocks where they would soon dry in the sun. They had been wetted so often that there was no possibility of their shrinking further. Then she took stock of the rest. With needles and thread, of which she possessed some store in the housewife which had been saved from her boat, she thought she could make shift to manufacture three or four garments, open at the neck, without sleeves and with skirts that came to the knees, garments just sufficient for modesty. There was no other need for clothes so far as that went, in that balmy island.

Naturally she shrank from this, but unless she resorted to this expedient her clothes would wear out all at once. Indeed, they were in none too good a condition as it was, and when they were worn out she would have nothing. She would not have hesitated a moment had it not been for the man, but man or not, the decision in her mind was one to which she must come.

Unlike most overeducated women, she was still expert with her needle, and as her garments were to be of the simplest she had not much difficulty in making over her silk skirt in the way she fancied. Belted in at the waist, it would do. She would use the rope that bound the man for that purpose, keeping it always about her. She had, of course, but one pair of stockings and one pair of light canvas boating shoes, they were almost out to pieces. She would have to go barefoot.

Putting her blue serge dress and the rest of her clothing carefully away, including her shoes and stockings, she stepped out on the sands, bare armed, bare footed, a gleaming figure like to an Olympian goddess. She was a woman naturally dark in complexion, and while the sun would probably burn her cruelly and burn her young flesh, never exposed to its intensity, darker, she would not grow red or blister. She was thankful for that with unconscious femininity. At any rate, she must get used to going out in the sun without a hat, too. People, natives who were born and lived in this latitude, did become accustomed to such things, she knew, so undoubtedly could she.

With these thoughts, she stepped around the headland and walked across the beach toward the palm tree where she could see in the fading light of the afternoon her prisoner was still tied.

Modesty is a negative term. That which is indecent exposure in a ballroom is the height of convention on a sea shore. Certainly this man had no concept of such a quality. He had not noticed before when she had come out barefoot to swim to the barrier reef, and yet somehow she fancied as he stared at her approaching that this time he marked the difference. And a slow, fiery blush flamed over her from her bare feet to her bare head, extended along her bare arms. She stopped under the persuasion of impulse to turn and go back to the cave and resume her clothing, at least so long as it might last. But she was a woman of strong will. She reasoned that all the emotions to which she was subject were in her own bosom; that the man before her neither knew nor cared as to the things which vexed her. So she went on.

She had in her hand the sailor's knife, with the blade open. She could

(To be continued.)

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Ottenheim.

Mrs. Annie Eyer and children, of Cincinnati, are here for their health. Mr. Ben Henzen, also of Cincinnati, spent a week here with his father.

Mrs. Leo Eyer spent several days with Mrs. John Wentzel.

Miss Helen Wientjes went to Louisville Saturday where she will visit a few days and then go to Chicago.

Mr. Adolph Spitzer and sister are here from Wisconsin visiting relatives. Walter Warfield, of Highland, was here Saturday to see his friend, Frank Wientjes.

There was a large crowd at the German picnic the Fourth. The bad weather was the only unpleasant feature.

Tommy Petrey now occupies the home of his brother who recently moved to Tennessee.

Misses Alma and Martha Gangloff are home from Cincinnati.

Don W. S. Burch attended the German picnic Monday.

Fred Handorf has bought a new self blinder.

J. C. McClary,



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Doing business at Crab Orchard, Lincoln County, Ky.

At the close of business June 30, 1910.

Resources:	
Loans and Discounts with one or more endorsers as sureties and Mortgages	\$62,000 85
Other Stocks, Bonds Etc.	4,416 07
Due from National Banks	1,890 00
U. S. and National Bank Notes	680 75
Specie	680 75
Checks and other cash items	1,828 18
Overdrafts, secured	767 09
Current expenses paid	1,500 00
Real estate—banking house	1,500 00
Furniture and fixtures	\$78,886 44
Liabilities:	
Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$15,000 00
Surplus Funds	1,700 00
Undivided profits	2,847 59
Fund to pay Taxes	135 54
Deposits subject to check (on which interest is not paid)	46,800 31
Demand certificates of deposits (on which interest is paid)	8,000 00
Notes and bills rediscounted	\$78,886 44

State of Kentucky, County of Lincoln, ss: J. O. Bailey, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. J. O. BAILEY, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7 day of July 1910. My commission expires Jan'y 25, 1912. JOHN EDMISTON N. P. W. E. Perkins, J. H. Collier, Curtis Gover Directors.

Waynesburg Deposit Bank.

Doing business at Waynesburg, Lincoln County, Ky.

At the close of business June 30, 1910.

Resources:	
Loans and discounts with one or more endorsers as surety	\$21,784 39
Real estate mortgages	23,771 72
Call loans on collateral	2,554 08
U. S. Bonds	500 00
Other Stocks, Bonds, Etc.	9,915 30
Due from National Banks	1,754 00
U. S. and Nat. Bank notes	1,349 14
Specie	357 22
Overdrafts, secured	49 66
Current expenses paid	917 32
Banking house	2,850 00
Furniture and fixtures	1,811 45
	\$67,415 10
Liabilities:	
Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$15,000 00
Surplus fund	1,300 00
Undivided profits	2,763 19
Deposits subject to check on which interest is not paid	47,821 91
Savings Deposits (on which interest is paid.)	800 00
	\$67,415 10

State of Kentucky, County of Lincoln, ss: I, Stanley McIntosh, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. STANLEY MCINTOSH, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5 day of July 1910. G. B. Cooper, C. K. L. C. C. By W. F. Camden, D. C. L. G. Gooch, J. W. Acton, R. Curtis, Directors.

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\$1.50

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SPECIAL TRAIN

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The National Bank of Hustonville.

Report of the Condition of
at Hustonville, in the State of Kentucky, at
the close of business June 30, 1910.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$138,150 40
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	648 89
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	137 29
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures	2,900 00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	1,530 41
Due from State and Private Banks and Savings Banks	29,671 53
Due from approved reserve agents	133 70
Checks and other cash items	1,335 00
Notes of other National Banks	207 07
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	15,746 10
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz: Specie	1,250 00
Legal-tender notes	\$216,814 89
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer 5 per cent of circulation	17,000 00
LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock paid in	\$50,000 00
Surplus fund	17,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,000 23
National Bank notes outstanding	12,490 00
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	129,414 66
Due from other National Banks	\$216,814 89
Individual deposits subject to check	

State of Kentucky, County of Lincoln, ss: I, J. W. Hocker, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. J. W. HOCKER, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of July, 1910. J. W. Hoskins, N. P. My commission expires Feb. 25, 1912. Correct Attest: Edw. Alcorn, J. W. Powell and J. D. Depp, Directors

McKinney Deposit Bank.

Doing business in the town of McKinney,
Lincoln County, Ky.

At the close of business June 30, 1910.

Resources:	
Loans and discounts with one or more endorsers as surety	\$28,305 99
Real estate mortgages	12,450 00
Time loans on collateral	4,950 00
Due from National Banks	7,480 70
Due from State Banks and Bankers	1,475 00
U. S. and National Bank Notes	1,099 96
Specie	
Checks and other cash items	100 00
Overdrafts, secured	135 55
Overdrafts (unsecured)	2,999 00
Current expenses paid	2,243 00
Real estate, banking house	\$60,839 10
Furniture and fixtures	
Liabilities:	
Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$15,000 00
Surplus fund	2,000 00
Undivided profits	43 10
Deposits subject to check on which interest is not paid	41,794 00
Notes and Bills rediscounted	2,000 00
	\$60,839 10

State of Kentucky, County of Lincoln, ss: I, R. H. Metcalf, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. R. H. METCALF, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1910. E. J. Tanner, N. P. My commission Expires Jan. 25, 1912. K. L. Tanner, F. M. Ware, J. W. Cocking, Directors.

FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.

For Sale—Extra good Jersey milk cow. G. D. Hopper.

For Sale—100 foot tobacco bed. A. R. Robbins, Stanford. Phone 169-4.

Wanted two good horses five to seven years old, must be strictly sound and good drivers. W. P. Kincaid, Stanford, Ky.

FOR SALE.

13 horse power traction engine comparatively new. Run only a short time last season. W. L. Cordier, Rowland, Ky.

For Sale.—90-acre farm well located in Pulaski county. If you are looking for a farm at your own price see me. F. A. Ross, Kings Mountain, Ky.

For Sale.—Half dozen nice thorough bred Black Berkshire boars. J. T. Roberts, Hubble.

A carload of nice Western horses just received and for sale J. Nevin Carter.

Estray heifer came to my place on June 18. Owner can get same by paying for keep and for this ad. R. G. Hubble, Turnersville.

Jones & Cress shipped a car load of hogs to Green, Embry & Co., of Cincinnati this week. They paid from to 8 1-2 cents for them.

Lightning last week killed five fine brood mares, three royally bred colts, belonging to James B. Haggin, on his Emendorf farm, near Lexington

SOME KENTUCKY FAIR DATES

Lancaster, July 27—3 days.
Versailles, Aug. 3—4 days.
Danville, Aug. 3—3 days.
Lexington, Aug. 8—6 days.
Taylorsville, Aug. 9—4 days.
Harrodsburg, Aug. 9—4 days.
Brodhead, Aug. 17—3 days.
August 17, 18 and 19 have been selected as the dates for the Perryville fair.

Shelbyville, Aug. 23—4 days.
London, Aug. 23—4 days.
Nicholasville, Aug. 30—3 days.
Barbourville, Aug. 31—3 days.
Monticello, Sept. 6—3 days.
Glasgow, Sept. 28—4 days.
State Fair, Louisville, Sept. 12—6 days.

H. B. Northcott,

LANCASTER, KY.

BUYER OF

All Kinds of Farm Produce

Stanford Branch—T. K. Tudor, M'gr.

WE ARE PAYING TODAY FOR:

Eggs per doz. 14c
Hens, per lb. 10-10 1/2c
Fryers per lb. 14-15
Turkeys per lb. 13-10c
Ducks, per lb. 7-8c
Roosters, per lb. 5-5 1/2c
Hides per lb. 7c
Ginseng, per lb. \$5.00
Yellow Root, per lb. \$1-\$1.25

LIME AND SALT FOR SALE OR IN EXCHANGE FOR PRODUCE.

We can please you. Phone 153



YANKEE DOODLE'S PONY

was all right because he had good harness. How about your steed? Wouldn't a new harness for the 4th make him look a sight better? We have just the set to suit him and to suit you and your pocketbook. Saddles as well both for ponies and full sized horses. Come, see and admire.

J. C. McCLARY, Stanford, Ky.

Stock For Sale!

I have for sale a bay mare, 7-years old and weighs 1,100 pounds. Sound and good worker. Also bay mare, 5-years-old. Works any where and ladies have been driving her. She is sound and in fine condition. TRIAH DENN Hustonville

B. D. CARTER,
New Livestock
Depot Street,
Phone 96,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

200,000 Feet of Lumber At The Right Prices.

I have 200,000 feet of lumber suitable for tobacco barns and other building purposes at reasonable prices. Call on me or write me for prices and tell me what you want, and I can suit you.

WALKER OWENS,
Pongo, Ky.
Shipping Point Mt Veernon.

We Have

A new and up-to-date line of odd trousers and to make you look well-dressed with them, you should wear a nice pair of the "Crossett" Oxford. Also Ladies' Oxfords, Vici Kid, Patent Leather and Swede.

"Clothing."

When you buy clothing from us, you can rest assured that you are in perfect style.

Our hat department is now more complete than ever. We have to show you the new Milan Straw Yacht and Panama. Call around before you buy.

SAM ROBINSON, STANFORD, KY.

Get My Price On

House Paint,

Screen Wire Cloth, Cultivators, Hoes and other farming implements.

L. L. SANDERS, Crab Orchard, Kentucky.



If you have anything to sell in the

STOCK LINE

—Take to—

Nunnally's New Stock Yards.

He buys and sells every day in the year except Sunday. Bring on your stock. Best market in the State with plenty of

feed and water best covered pens, outside of Louisville or Lexington. STANFORD, KY. We also do a general hitch and feed business.

W. L. MCARTY, Pres. E. C. WALTON, V-Pres. L. R. HUGHES, S. & T

Stanford Real Estate Co., Stanford, Kentucky.

Farms and Town Property Handled on Commission. Stocks and Bonds Sold. If you Have Property to Sell or Rent Notify Us.

Write for Circular to

L. R. HUGHES, Secretary, Stanford, Ky.

The Winning Feature of The

OVERLAND CAR

Is Its Simplicity

Anyone Can Learn to Run it For it Operates on Only Three Gears.

It's the Auto for all the Family for any Girl or Woman can Run it as Easily as a Man. Just Let us Prove this to You.

C. P. Cecil, Walter Dunn AGENTS.

Phone us For Free Demonstration.

Danville, Ky.